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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

FREE SPEECH.

From The Philadelphia Inquirer—(Republican)

A VERY fine thing is free speech—perhaps the very dearest privilege that a rational, honest, disinterested man can enjoy—every way a fine thing; fine in the speech, that is the eloquence of it—fine in the freedom, that is the exhilaration, the excitement of its essential audacity—fine in what it does, fine in what it dares, fine in what it expresses of the animation and the action of the age—fine to hear, fine to quote, fine to copy, fine to make paragraphs, biographies, books of—fine to *pay*. But, mark you, we said "rational, honest, disinterested men," and in the name of those, we protest dauntlessly against its utterance by any others; the heart that dictates it should be pure and loyal, the brain that shapes it, clear, cool and capable; the tongue that delivers it, the tongue of a good citizen, a wise as well as a staunch man—the tongue of prudence and patriotism in the head of experience.

Otherwise, free speech is not a fine thing, but an abomination and a nuisance and a curse; and, what is worse, a humbug and a trick—a gag to catch the ears of the groundlings—to fill the pockets of the peddlers of sensation, be they political or parsonical—to fetch the thirty pieces of silver for which the Judases of the time would sell a nation's salvation. We say Judases, and we care not if, to modernize the application, you call them Wilson or Wigfall, Phillips or Pryor, Sumner or Yancey—the treachery is not less black, nor the traitor less infamous. Benedict Arnold is not dead in history, but only sleepeth; and, stirred by mercenary noises, he moves again in his imitators, who are as ready and as rascally, with no superior degree of qualification, save that they are a little rasher.

We have heard enough of the sublime prerogative of free speech, and we are sick of it; because we hear only of its abuse, to subserve the ambitious ends of Beechers, the rowdy ends of Redpaths, and the blustering ends of Iversons. Must we pay with all the blessings of a free land, that Beecher may be a "remarkable preacher," and sell his happy hits to booksellers for a ten per cent. copyright? Must we fly at each other's throats, that Curtis may express the devotion of his creed, in popular lectures, to the tune of twenty-five cents admittance? Must we sack each other's cities that an ex-Governor of Virginia may dream dreams of a Southern army under Generalissimo Wise, or a Southern Empire swayed by Henry A., the First and the Foolish?

We have voted for free speech, harangued for free speech, preached and prayed and fought for it, and now we've got it; but we find ourselves in the condition of the mild gentleman who won an elephant at a raffle. What shall we do with it? That gentleman hobbled his elephant, lest it tear down his house; and if we gag our free speech, with the same precaution, who shall blame us? If we catch an eccentric in our barn with a blazing pine knot, we toss a bucket of water over him and his fireworks, in the name of insurance. If we encounter another, fiercely flourishing a bowie knife in the gay gambols of delirium tremens, we knock him down, and charge the damage to our jugular veins; and when we find a Phillips smoking an elocutionary pipe over our powder magazine, or a Yancey flourishing his elocutionary revolver under our wife's nose, we may be pardoned for punching their respective hats over their respective eyes, and bundling them both into limbo. It will be time enough to ask their pardons when our barn is safe, and our wife reassured. As for the exceptional cases of sincere infatuation, we may pity but not spare them—by the same token that the public good demands every day a thousand instances of the sacrifice of the individual, that the Republic may receive no detriment.

THE ROOT OF THE DIFFICULTY.

[Extract from a sermon by Rev. Thomas Smyth, D.D., of the Second Presbyterian Church, in Charleston, S. C.:]

Now, to me, pondering long and profoundly upon the course of events, the evil and bitter root of all our evils is to be found in the infidel, atheistic, French revolution, Red Republican principle embodied as an axiomatic seminal principle in the Declaration of Independence. That seminal principle is this: "We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; and that to secure these rights, governments are instituted by God, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed," and soon to the inevitable consequences.

Now let us trace the progressive development of this atheistic, revolutionary and anarchic principle.

First, it led to universal suffrage—that is, it put the government of this country into the hands of a majority.

And what, we ask, could finally be the result of this higher law—that is, this majority and equality principle—but anarchy, prodigality, profanity, Sabbath profanation, vice and ungodliness in every monstrous form, and, in the end, the corruption and overthrow of the Republic?

COMPLIMENTS FOR THE DOUGHFACES.

[The Doughfaces of Philadelphia must be delighted to see, as they will by the following letter, that their efforts to save the Union are duly appreciated.]

From The Charleston (S. C.) Mercury.

PHILADELPHIA, December 14.

THE most prominent item just now is the "Great Union Demonstration," of which all the papers speak so loudly this morning. It was to have been a prodigy in point of size and thunder, but, alas! the great *rocket* proved to be only a *squib*—the newspaper accounts to the contrary notwithstanding. At noon, yesterday, the meeting assembled in Independence Square, and was called to order by the President of the Common Council, who nominated the Mayor, Alexander Henry, as Chairman, and about 225 Vice-Presidents, who were carefully selected from amongst the political "fossils" of the old Whig and Democratic parties—dealers in trimmings, calicoes and brogans—respectable gentlemen of no certain opinions—and young worthies, whose opinions are of little account if they were known—all together, a class who consider a "grand Union meeting" the safest and *cheapest* advertisement to go South—but who, in their hearts, detest us and *our institutions*. They assist at these grand humbugs to try to gull us, and quietly give money to support the underground railroad.

The honorable secretaries consisted of about forty devoted "patriots"—some anxious to puff their *watered whisky*, others their *crockery ware;* while the legal profession was well represented, particularly that *genus* termed and well known here as *shysters*—the whole lot composing what you would call a well assorted parcel of Black Republicanism, Squatter Sovereignty, cant and hypocrisy.

The Mayor was, as you are doubtless aware, elected a *second* time this spring, by the Black Republicans, in opposition to the candidate of the regular Democratic party, and was the second time elected *solely on the ground that he persisted in allowing Mr. Curtis, of New York, to lecture on that never failing theme of abuse, viz., slavery.* On this account, and this only, was this man placed as the chief magistrate of this city, and now he enters the arena as chief Union-saver to his majesty, "Uncle Abe." Mr. Henry belongs to the Northern codfish aristocracy; was a third-rate lawyer, and now aims to fill a judge's seat in the District Court. His address, as you will notice, speaks for itself; our patriotic fathers—seventy-six—glorious Union—Southern brethren—Personal Liberty bills—hifalutin generally; and winds up with, "The Union must and *shall* be preserved" (we shall see). This was followed, of course, by rapturous applause from the assembled colored Republicans. The resolutions were then read by a very prominent auctioneer, who, no doubt, could have recommended them as a prime article of the kind, and offered only because the family were "declining housekeeping."

* * * * * * *

But I have given you enough to let your readers know what "Union meetings" are made *of* and *for*, and I am only surprised that these people *will* continue to deceive themselves that we do not understand their value. Those who are not directly interested in Southern trade, look upon them as "advertising mediums" and political child's play.

ABOLITIONISM AT A DISCOUNT.

From Bennett's Herald.

GARRISON, Tappan & Co. commenced the anti-slavery movement in Boston, Philadelphia and New York nearly thirty years ago. At first, the doctrines promulgated by these philanthropists were very distasteful to the people of the North, and the abolition meetings were broken up. In the country, however, the Abolitionists were sustained by the clergy, and the movement gained strength, until the radical Abolitionists were enabled to enunciate their treasonable doctrines without fear of popular resentment. Their position was strengthened by the repeal of the Missouri compromise and the Kansas rebellion, and they were enabled to bring large numbers of hitherto loyal citizens over to their side. Then came the Helper book, the theory of which is that slavery might be extinguished by the building up in the Southern States of a party hostile to the peculiar institution of that section—said party to be composed of non-slaveholders. All these demonstrations were taken by the South as so many declarations of a Northern war, and preparations were made for the worst. The time has come, however, for the entire reversal of Northern sentiment. In Philadelphia, George W. Curtis has been politely informed that his inflammatory lectures are not needed. In Boston, abolition meetings are broken up, and Wendell Phillips goes home from church under the protection of a combined escort of women and policemen. At Rochester, the hotbed of abolitionism, spiritualism, women's rightsism, and so on, Miss Susan B. Anthony, the Rev. Mr. May and other veterans in the cause attempt to hold a convention, and are compelled to dissolve it in a hurry. At New Haven, Beecher has been pelted with rotten eggs. In New York city, the proposition of that distinguished exile from North Carolina, Mr. H. R. Helper, to lecture upon the "Two Systems of Labor," is received with so much dissatisfaction that he has not yet been permitted to open his mouth upon the subject. Mr. Helper may as well retire to private life, and reflect upon the destruction of his pet theory by the solid fact that the secession movement in the South is more vigorously pressed by the "poor whites" than by the slaveholders. If Mr. Helper himself should visit the South, he would receive summary punishment at the hands of men of his own class in the community where he formerly resided. This being a notorious fact, the Helper humbug may be accounted as having quite exploded.

As to the old set—Garrison, Pillsbury, Henry C. Wright, Abby Kelley Foster and others—they may as well hang up their discordant harps for the present. Many of them have heretofore pocketed comfortable incomes as itinerant anti-slavery lecturers. Now they will not be permitted to ventilate their pestiferous doctrines; and, though the contingency is distressing to contemplate, yet it is not improbable that some of them may be compelled to labor honestly for their living. The secession movement has its advantages after all.

THURLOW WEED ON COMPROMISE.

From The Albany Evening Journal.

To sustain such men as Senator Johnson and Mr. Etheridge in Tennessee, Messrs. Stephens and Johnson and Hill, of Georgia, Mr. Gilmer of North Carolina, Gov. Hicks and Mr. Davis, of Maryland, we would go just as far in conciliation and concession as the Constitution permits. To save this Union, and to avert the horrors of a civil war, we implore members of Congress to meet the reasonable propositions of the Union men of the South. We know how little of consideration our previous suggestions have attracted. We know, too, with how much more favor our friends in Congress listen to journals whose columns abound in appeals to "backbone," "pluck," etc., etc., etc. These things are very well in their place; but very mischievous out of place. In discussing a question on which the Union hangs, and upon which the welfare of thirty millions of people depends, we will not dismiss the hope that there are Union men in Congress from the North, who can meet Union men from the South with fraternal feelings, and, in the discharge of a common duty, agree upon terms of adjustment which will hold the border slave States from disunion.

The cheapest and the thinnest kind of patriotism is that which costs nothing. So, too, with that species of courage which, out of danger, vapors and swaggers. Of the army of Abolitionists who have for so many years been teaching war and rapine, on paper, not one of them ever faced their enemy. When heroic John Brown, acting upon the principles so many professed, lay in prison awaiting execution, what Abolitionist went to his rescue? While, in our way, we have upheld freedom, and resisted the extension and aggression of slavery; while, in this line of duty we shall ever be faithful; and while, too, we will go to the death, if needs be, for the Union, we cannot but look with abhorrence upon journalists who labor so recklessly to prevent the adoption of some plan of adjustment upon which the Union men of Southern States can sustain themselves.

In view of the trial that approaches and the ordeal through which public men must pass, we hope that Republicans will so bear themselves that they will not be called, too late, to a remorse which poisoned the last hours of Cardinal Wolsey;

"Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's; then, if thou fall'st,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

SLAVERY NOT A SIN.

[Extract of a letter, in *The Methodist*, from Rev. Heman Bangs, D.D., after a visit to the South:]

THE *relation* of master and slave, has never, to my satisfaction, been proved to be a sin. That there are great evils connected with it, or that may grow out of it, I have no doubt. So are there evils that may result from the marriage relation, or the relation of parent and child; but this does not prove the relation itself to be a sin. A great change has come over the public feeling both North and South, within the last twenty-five years. One extreme begets another. The extreme measures of the North, on this subject, have driven the South into the opposite extreme. Heretofore, there were thousands at the South who considered slavery an evil, but a necessary evil, which they knew not how to remove; but now, so far as I could learn, they have come to the conclusion that "the institution" is right and scriptural, and the best state possible for the blacks. I will not stop to argue the point at all, I merely state the fact. As to the physical condition of the slaves at the South, I believe they are far better off than the free blacks of the North—better fed, better clothed, better housed and do less work. They appear the happiest set of people to be found; their masters and mistresses have all the care and expense. I am told that the laws of Louisiana and Mississippi are very severe in protecting the slave. The Methodists are doing a great work among them. Many missionaries are employed on the plantations—some of them are paid by the planters themselves, some by the Missionary Society, and some congregations of blacks in New Orleans support themselves. I conversed with a brother preacher who is constantly laboring among this people, and he gave a thrilling account of his mission.

The movements of the Abolitionists of the North have been productive of evil and only evil to the masters and slaves, exasperating the former, and causing them to restrict the privileges of the latter. Oh, when shall the wicked strife come to an end, and brotherly love and fraternal intercourse return!

* * * * * * *

I told them [my brethren at the South] they were just like our ultra-Abolitionists at the North, and when did an ultra-Abolitionist listen to reason? They have split the Church, and now the nation may go to fragments, and they will not come to the rescue. Is this the spirit of Christ? Is this the gospel of peace? Will the God of love and peace be with us, if we continue this unrighteous warfare? Let us give the South their just claims, and let their institution alone. Cease this unchristian strife—there is a worse evil than slavery—*brother warring against brother!*

Selections.

SYMPATHY AND AID FOR DR. CHEEVER.

ADDRESS BY CITIZENS OF DUNDEE, SCOTLAND.

To the Reverend G. B. Cheever, D.D., Pastor of the Church of the Puritans, New York, United States, America.

WE, the subscribers of this letter, were appointed by a very numerous and influential meeting of our fellow citizens, as a Committee to raise contributions in order to help to maintain that cause which you have espoused, and in which you have been a sufferer. The small sum which will be duly transmitted to you we desire to be regarded as an expression of the sympathy which is universally felt here with the truths you have so boldly and so temperately advocated, and of the regard which we feel for yourself as a minister of God's Word who, in trying circumstances, has obtained grace to be faithful. The public meeting (presided over by Lord Kinnaird) which appointed us unanimously and cordially agreed to the following resolutions, which will serve to indicate to you at once the object for which it was called, and the tone which pervaded it:

1. Resolved, That the difficulties in which Dr. Cheever, of New York, has been involved in consequence of faithful and Scriptural testimony against the sin of slavery, are such as to require the aid, and to call for the sympathy of the lovers of freedom and of God's truth.

2. Resolved, That these difficulties indicate but too clearly to what a fearful extent the Churches of America have become implicated in the sin of slavery, and the prevalence, even in the free States of the Union, of such sentiments on the subject as tend to palliate and render permanent a system which is contrary to the most fundamental principles of Christianity, and injurious alike to those who maintain and those who suffer under it.

3. Resolved, That slavery, as it exists in the States of the Union, both in its extent and in the nature of the laws by which it is maintained, is a blot upon the character of their political institutions, a scandal to the Churches of Christendom and to the nations of the civilized world; and, unless it be speedily abandoned, will prove ruinous to a commonwealth which *otherwise* might achieve the greatest and most beneficent results in advancing the religious and political interests of the human race.

We in this country feel at a loss to comprehend the position occupied in relation to slavery by most of the Churches in the United States, and these, moreover, the largest and most influential. It is true that, at no very remote date, Britain was a slaveholding country, and the Churches had tacitly acquiesced in the laws which maintained slavery. But that was at a time when men's minds had not been directed to the subject. No sooner were the doctrines of abolition agitated among us, than the Churches took the lead in the movement. Clergymen appeared everywhere as the advocates of manumission; and it was due in a great measure to their resistless appeals, that the Emancipation act was forced upon our Legislature. But in your country the doctrine of abolition seems to have received almost no response from the Churches, or only such a response as serves to palliate and excuse the sin of slavery, and to prolong its manifold evils. We cannot but regard such conduct as discreditable to the Christian profession which these Churches make, and as indicating great unfaithfulness to the truth which they are instituted to maintain. Nor is the position of your political men in relation to this question much more intelligible to us. Were slavery a system in harmony with the Constitution of your country, it would be more easy to comprehend how it should find its willing advocates among your politicians. But how there should be about four millions of slaves in a country which proclaims it to be a fundamental article of its Constitution that "all men are born free and equal," is a fact almost surpassing belief, and one of the most marvellous inconsistencies which the history of nations has witnessed. We cannot believe that such strange incongruities will be permitted long to exist. Every year must add to the numbers and influence of the Abolitionists. It is in no spirit of hostility to the United States that we long for the deliverance from bondage of its slave population, but in a spirit of cordial love, that, if God will, the retribution which must follow upon the maintenance of that accursed system may be averted from your country. Entertaining such views and feelings, we cannot but deeply sympathize with you, and wish you God speed. Amid all the difficulties which beset your path, and the discouragements which usually attend such a movement as yours, we would seek to strengthen your hands for that work, in which you have already proved yourself such a worthy laborer. The cause you advocate is worthy of a costly sacrifice, and you have shown your willingness to make it. We thank God for the grace given you hitherto, and pray that it may be continued and increased.

Dear sir, be strong and of good courage. The mist of prejudice, and passion, and self-interest, will be lifted up as you pursue your onward march. We have high hopes regarding America. Our hope and confidence is yet stronger in the power of that truth which is the fundamental one in Christian ethics, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." In the presence of that truth, slavery cannot for a moment stand.

We are, rev. and dear sir, yours with much respect,

KINNAIRD;
WILLIAM WILSON, Free Church minister;
GEORGE GILFILLAN, United Presbyterian minister;
ROBERT LANG, Congregational minister;
JAMES EWING, Free Church minister;
ALEXANDER HANNAY, Congregational minister;
JAMES DODDS, Established Ch. of Scotland minister;
P. H. THOMS, of Abulemno;
ALEXANDER EUSSON, merchant;
GEORGE ROUGH, ex-Provost of Dundee;
EDW. CAIRD, merchant;
WILLIAM THOMS, Justice of the Peace;
PATRICK WATSON, merchant.

EMANCIPATION IN RUSSIA.

From The Tribune of Jan. 12.

TO-DAY, January 12, 1861, is New Year's Day in Russia, according to the Old Style to which that empire still adheres. It is a day destined to be forever memorable as the date of the complete abolition of serfdom, the final and triumphal close of the mighty movement inaugurated by the Emperor Alexander II. in 1857. On this great day of emancipation, twenty millions of Russians cease to be property and become men. The last and worst, the most gigantic and most baneful relic of barbarism that infested Europe, vanishes before the march of civilization, and personal liberty is decreed to all the inhabitants of a country whose area stretches through three quarters of the globe, and over a seventh part of its habitable surface.

Serfdom in Russia is comparatively a modern institution. It was introduced by the Tartars, who conquered and held the country during the Middle Ages. Before their domination, the Russian peasant was a free man. Toward the end of the sixteenth century, an attempt was made by the Czar to restore to the people their lost rights, but it was defeated by the violent opposition of the aristocracy. In the earlier part of the present century, the attempt was renewed by Alexander I. and by Nicholas, with the same result, though Alexander succeeded in stopping the reduction of free communities of peasants to slavery, and also prohibited the sale of serfs in the market, and the separation of their families. In many other respects, likewise, he regulated and limited the power of the masters.

Like all other slaveholding nations, Russia has suffered terribly from insurrections of the subject race. In the reign of Catherine, a revolt of serfs, peasants and Cossacks of Ural or Orenburg, headed by Pugatscheff, who pretended to be the Emperor Peter III., and styled himself "Czar, the Avenger," extended with horrible excesses nearly to the gates of Moscow. Pouschkine, the greatest of Russian poets, alluding to this insurrection, exclaims: "May God preserve Russia from the seething outbreak of its own people." In 1838, partial risings took place in the government of Saratoff, in which the nobles were burnt with their houses, and the imperial officers thrown into the fire.

In almost every respect, however, the condition of the Russian serfs was superior to that of the American slaves. The agricultural serfs lived in villages, and had land given to them to cultivate for their own profit, paying to their master a certain rent, and laboring for him on his land three days in the week. A serf woman marrying a free man became herself free. Marriages, however, though by law the serfs had liberty of choice, were in practice arranged by the master, and could seldom be contracted without his permission. If a serf man became free by manumission, or in any other legal way, his wife also was entitled to her freedom. The serf could not be forced to do any work on Sundays, or on the established holidays. He could claim before the tribunals a right to freedom, if his master did not belong to any Christian Church; if the master had made a forcible attack on the virtue of his wife or daughter; or if he had been made a prisoner by the enemy, and carried beyond the frontiers of the empire. He became free, also, if legally condemned to exile in Siberia, where his wife, if she followed him, likewise acquired freedom; if sold without the estate to which he belonged, or if the buyer did not possess as much land as the law required; or, lastly, if his family were separated from him by sale.

The house serfs were employed not only as servants, but as mechanics, and sometimes even as artists and tradesmen. The master often gave them a passport to travel, or to reside in some distant place, and pursue the avocation to which they had been trained, in which case they paid him a certain part of their earnings. They were liable to be called home at any time, and were completely dependent on the will of the master in regard to residence or occupation. Runaway serfs were returned to the master at the expense of those who had harbored them. But if the serf had avoided recapture for ten years, he was held to be free. And the claim of the master was not valid unless brought forward during the first year after the escape.

From this outline it will be seen that the burdens borne by the Russian serf, grievous as they may have been, were moderate compared with the atrocious system for the perpetuation and propagation of which our American slaveholders are now in rebellion against the Union. He was not reduced to the degrading condition of a chattel; was not debarred from education; could not be torn from his family nor his home; and could lawfully protect the virtue of his wife and daughter. Still, his emancipation from the fetters, light as they were, which have hitherto bound him, is an event which, in grandeur and beneficence, has had no equal in the annals of Russia, except her liberation from the Tartar yoke, and which cannot fail to impel the empire onward with prodigious strides in the march of civilization and national power. Such an event is of itself sufficient to render 1861 forever memorable in history. It is already a great year, and it may become greater yet, if, as is probable, the madness of the Southern slaveholders shall compel the American people, in self-defence, in order to preserve their empire unimpaired, and secure to themselves and their posterity the blessings of peace and union, to exert their unquestionable and irresistible power, and sweep from the land at once and forever that relic of barbarism to which, and to which alone, is to be attributed our past and present national troubles. The Russian Czar, with a firm hand, regardless of the threats of a man-owning aristocracy, has raised twenty millions of serfs into freemen. The American democracy, mightier than any Czar, can, if it be necessary, with equally firm hand, suppress the rebellious slaveholders, and remove all cause or pretext for future rebellions by putting a summary end to slavery.

MR. ADAMS SPEAKS FOR HIMSELF.

[Justice to the Hon. Charles Francis Adams, whose recent course has disappointed and mortified the friends of freedom, would seem to require that we should give place to his Minority Report as a member of the House Committee of Thirty-three.]

MR. ADAMS, of Massachusetts, submitted the following reasons for his disagreement with the action of the Committee:

The subscriber has labored earnestly in the Committee to make himself master of the causes of the present discontents. So far as they were divulged there, they may be comprised under three heads: 1st, the Personal Liberty laws in some of the free States; 2d, exclusion from the Territories; 3d, the apprehension of some future danger to the rights of the slave States, from the adoption of constitutional amendments interfering with them. Without joining in the belief that there are very serious grounds for this uneasiness, the subscriber is too well convinced of its existence not to be disposed to apply any reasonable remedy to quiet it. He was, therefore, for this reason, induced to give his concurrence, at first, in several of the measures reported by the Committee. He did so under a conviction that they contain the only reasonable as well as practicable adjustment of the differences unhappily existing in the country, without the sacrifice of principle on either side, that has thus far come within his observation. And although not entirely approving of them in the abstract, he was ready to give his coöperation in adopting them, if there was good reason to suppose that they would effect the object aimed at. He endeavored to act in good faith, and with a view to the restoration of the kindly relations between the opposite sections of the country, which seem to be so rudely threatened. That this spirit has been fairly reciprocated by a portion of the representatives of the aggrieved States, he takes great pleasure in acknowledging. Had that portion constituted only a bare majority of the whole number, he would still have pledged all the limited aid in his power to unite with them. But the fact is wholly otherwise. While three States have refused to be represented at all, seven more, making ten out of fifteen, have decided to reject the conclusions arrived at by the Committee.

This fact alone would seem to render all prospect of a general adjustment very dim. And when it appeared, on the other hand, that a number of the representatives of the free States were equally disinclined to accept them, what hope was left of any advantageous result from perseverance?

Another significant incident happened, which put an end to all further doubt in the mind of the subscriber, because it convinced him that, even if all the measures recommended could be adopted, the adjustment anticipated would be as far off as ever; that the causes of the difference are but superficially touched in the alleged grievances which have engrossed the attention of the Committee; and that the true source of discord lies altogether too deep for the plummet of Congressional legislation.

By reference to the journal of the Committee, it will appear that on Friday, the 11th of January, a resolution was offered by the subscriber in direct response to one portion of the President's Message, specifically referred to the consideration of this Committee. As finally amended, it was in the following words:

Resolved, That peaceful acquiescence in the election of a Chief Magistrate, accomplished in accordance with every legal and constitutional requirement, is a high and imperative duty of every good citizen of the United States.

Great was the surprise of the mover on perceiving that the annunciation of this indisputable proposition, in his belief, of vital moment to the permanence of any republic founded on the consent of men, was met by hesitation on the part of several members. The President, in his annual message, had distinctly affirmed the same thing in another form of language. No reason seemed to exist why the Committee should not, by responding unanimously to his sentiment, aid in giving to the country confidence in the belief that the discontents existing in some quarters were merely such as a conciliatory policy might remove. Instead of this, a written paper was presented by seven members, assigning reasons for their refusal to record their votes at all. The substance of that paper is found recorded in the journal. It alleges that voting upon such a declaration would, in the opinion of the signers, do more harm than good. Why it would have that effect, it does not explain. If the proposition be true, and if there exists no intention in any quarter to deny its truth, either by word or act, surely it could do neither harm nor good to vote for it. It would fall powerless, like any accepted truism of society. It is only in the alternative, when some portion of a community is determined, at all hazards, to act in direct contravention of it, that it can do harm. For it may then, indeed, serve to excite the public attention to the true nature of the issue presented, and to embitter the animosities which radical differences naturally produce. While the subscriber would not venture to intimate a doubt of the sincerity of the members in assigning the reasons for their hesitation to accept so undeniable a proposition, he cannot abstain from expressing his profound regret that their course should unavoidably raise up anxious doubts in the minds of great numbers of people as to the nature of the struggle now presented to the country. Is it, after all, only the election of a President of the United States whom one section of the Union did not nominate and support, that constitutes the main grievance and stimulates to a dissolution of the Union? If it be indeed so, then is there no necessity for organizing legislative committees to find a remedy. The Constitution becomes a mere bit of paper, if men determine, with their eyes open, to violate and annul its most fundamental provisions.

The subscriber is yet reluctant to believe the case quite so desperate as this would show it. He still believes that much of this extreme conduct is the effect of sudden impulse and excited passions, and that there is a fund of reason and loyalty at bottom, which may be relied upon ultimately to turn the current in favor of the Constitution and the enforcement of the laws, and he is encouraged in this faith by observing that the representatives of some of the dissatisfied States cordially came forward and recorded their names, as well as their reasons for voting, in favor of the resolution. Yet, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that they constitute only a minority of the disturbed States. The majority stand on the record as refusing all terms of adjustment they do not dictate, and declining to commit themselves to the support of a principle without the acknowledgment of which constitutional government is impossible. In this state of things, it is at least doubtful whether the legitimate powers of Congress, if fully exerted, would avail to reach the seat of the disease.

The general conclusion to which the subscriber has arrived, from a close observation of the action of the Committee, is this: that no form of adjustment will be satisfactory to the recusant States which does not incorporate into the Constitution of the United States a recognition of the obligation to protect and extend slavery. On this condition, and on this alone, will they consent to withdraw their opposition to the recognition of a constitutional election of the chief magistrate. Viewing the matter in this light, it seems unadvisable to attempt to proceed a step further in the way of offering unacceptable propositions. He can never give his consent to the terms demanded.

For this reason it is that, after having become convinced of this truth, he changed his course, and declined to recommend the very measures which he, in good faith, had offered. It certainly can be of no use to propose as an adjustment that which has no prospect of being received as such by the other party. Hence he feels it his duty now to record his dissent from the action of a majority of his colleagues in introducing any measures whatever for the consideration of the House.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

MASSACHUSETTS AND HER GOVERNOR.

IT was the new Governor who came in, looking as sunshiny as the day itself, in his best black suit, but with no black in his humor. The Lieut. Governor also entered, and took his seat. The oaths of office, three in number, were administered to each in turn, and after some more *feux de joie* and knockings of the hammer, Governor Andrew read, in a clear, sonorous voice, the address with which you are all familiar, or ought to be. Your *ownest* correspondent was there, and, of course, has left me little to do in the way of description; yet, like Manse Headrigg, I will uplift my voice and testify, though the potsherds of worldliness stood as high as the tower of Babel. I forget Manse's exact words, but I think they are much after this fashion. No one, I presume, could listen to Gov. Andrew on this occasion, without remembrance of the valedictory address volunteered by Gov. Banks, a few days previous; and, although comparisons are odious, the gentleman last named had been at some pains to render this one inevitable. One does not understand why the late Governor felt obliged or authorized to depart from the established custom of the State by delivering one more address than he was entitled to. He was about to leave the government in its normal condition, his successor in no wise less able than himself, and with advantages of thorough education and professional training to which he does not pretend. Why could he not quietly walk off the same as others do, when their part is played out? The new Governor was already called, and his cue was heard. The old one interpolates a speech not contemplated in the plan of the drama, and not helpful to its denouement. An entertaining document it certainly was, written with ability, and no doubt delivered with grace; but it was out of place, and the most important clause in it was entirely out of harmony with the exigencies of the moment, and the demands of the public conscience. This was the clause recommending and insisting upon the repeal of the Personal Liberty bill, and to make this officious recommendation would seem to have been the real object of the discourse, however deeply the speaker may have had at heart the gilding of the State House dome, and other important matters. We need not say that Gov. Andrew was explicit upon this point, and it was a skilfully flung weapon, by which he brought up Gov. Banks's assent to the obnoxious bill three years ago, at the time of its introduction and adoption, harpooning without blood, but securing the blubber of the sympathizing friend of compromise. "Look on this picture and on this," says Hamlet, and though we will not quote "Hyperion to a Satyr," yet there is all that difference between faith in right and faith in policy. The one preaches of warning, the other sings of hope. The one says, "Back down!" the other, "Back up!" The one sounds a needless retreat; the other, the trump of victory. The spirit of Gov. Andrew's discourse was this: the moral gain of the community shall not be traded away by me to avert any danger, real or imagined, or to secure any advantage. I know that what is best for the individual must be best for the State—to do right at all risks, and with the determination to lose everything rather than honor.

"And because Right is right, to follow Right
Were wisdom, in the scorn of consequence,"

as that good laureate says, who has a pipe of wine every year, and deserves it. Well, the discourse was long, because there were a great many statements that had to be made concerning State matters, which do not particularly concern you. It was interesting throughout, however, and was listened to with the sort of attention which is called breathless. The statistics sufficiently showed that Massachusetts is well beloved of the Lord, and, with the worst climate south of Greenland, and not the best soil, contrives to lay up a deal of money, to keep itself warm, and well fed, in token whereof it slays the annual turkey, and celebrates with stuffing the last Thursday in every November. When all was said, we applauded with hearty good will, and would have done so before, only one of the functionaries asked us not to. Besides, we were eager to hear, and more greedy for impression than for expression.

And then the Governor went away, and the aids clattered after him, clinking useless sabres (long may they remain so), but looking uncommon in their buff breeches and high boots. And, cold as it was, we managed to dissolve, and pour ourselves out along the street. Everything looked as it did before, only a great, good man was Governor, and we were mightily glad of it. But as a projectile, thrown by any force, tends to persevere indefinitely in the direction given, so I walked through the day in a state of saintly serenity that was astonishing. "The South will come and fight us?" said I. "Very well; let them come." They will take away Washington? Then let us be Scriptural, and give them Baltimore. They will make beggars of us? Then we will live upon the charity of Christendom. They will cut our throats from ear to ear? I am willing. Paul fought with beasts. I could encounter a matron or two, I think. Not that young girl who lately published the fact that disunion beat in every pulse of her breast, and that she could manufacture every delicacy that could tempt the palate of a Southern soldier. I do not wish to meet her because I know of one or two Southern dishes which I should not care to encounter on the way to duty, lest peradventure the enticing odor should be too much for me. Avoid in this connection *pilau*, hominy bread, and marmalade of bitter orange. And while I was in this happy frame of mind, I was led to see the real condition and motives of that ancient man of State who has been so little praised among us of late. By sudden sympathy, I saw that James Buchanan is really preparing for himself the martyr's joy, and looking forward to the martyr's crown. In true Christian and philosophic peace, he waits till the smiting on one cheek shall be sufficiently unmistakable for him to turn the other to the blow. He is willing that you and I and all of us should share this glory with him. He invites the South to come forth boldly and bestow it on us. Let the whole country go! "Blaze, mad Georgia; resound, oh, empty Florida—you are formidable, with your turtle steaks and green spectacles. We will do nothing, but the principle of sufferance will be illustrated, and the savage South shall see how the noble North can bleed and burn. And to me, James Buchanan, an apotheosis will come—a sort of transfiguration, as I am received up out of office. And I shall go down in history as the man who would not meddle, who let it all be, who restrained the fierce intuitions of self-defence, who passively saw the match applied, the combustibles lighted, the block, the street, the city in a blaze, and then, with the key of the hydrant in his pocket, and a white handkerchief in his hand, came out and shed public tears over the providential conflagration.—*Mrs. Howe—Boston Letter in The Tribune.*

THE PERILOUS COMMITTEE.

A VARIETY of conflicting reports have been made to the House of Representatives by the Committee of Thirty-three, of which one, signed by the Chairman, Mr. Corwin, claims to be the majority report; but it was not agreed to by nearly a majority of the quorum who attended the later meetings.

Mr. Corwin's report begins by the consideration of the alleged fact that publications have been circulated in the South by Northern men, having a tendency to promote servile insurrection, and circulated with that intent. He speaks of this accusation as if there were no question of its correctness, and declares that newspapers or periodicals having such tendencies are highly criminal and should be so treated by the laws of the several States. In this matter Mr. Corwin has been grossly deceived as to the facts.

No publications designed to excite insurrection have ever issued from the Northern press. The charge was brought against the Abolitionists twenty-five years ago, and was promptly and satisfactorily refuted. The term, incendiary publications, as it is understood by the slaveholders, includes the most valuable literature of the age—the works of the greatest living poets, and the leading journals of England and of the United States. *The New York Tribune*, the New York *Independent*, *Harper's Weekly*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and in fact, almost every Northern journal or periodical of note, have been in turn proscribed by them. The censorship of the press, as for many years past it has been practised in the South, is as despotic and as repugnant to all the principles of American liberty as the censorship of Austria or of the overthrown despotism of Naples. We are greatly surprised that Mr. Corwin should have lent his name to sanction such an outrage on the freedom of the press, and still more that he should have proposed to extend the censorship.

On the subject of Personal Liberty laws, Mr. Corwin remarks with correctness that they have not yet offered any obstacle to the rendition of fugitives, and that if they conflict with the Constitution of the United States they are null and void. He recommends the Northern States to examine and revise their statute books, and if they find any acts in them that are clearly unconstitutional, to repeal them. This is good advice and will undoubtedly be followed, though it does not touch the real gist of the question, which is, are the Personal Liberty laws unconstitutional? The States that have passed them maintain that they are not. Mr. Corwin's advice to the North would have had a better grace and have come with more weight if it had been coupled with a similar recommendation to the Southern States to repeal their unconstitutional laws in relation to colored seamen from other States, and in restraint of the liberty of the press.

The remainder of the report is taken up with considerations of the Fugitive Slave law of 1850, to which certain amendments are proposed, of no importance in themselves, and far from sufficient to remove the objections of the free States to that act. In conclusion, Mr. Corwin proposes to admit slavery in all the territory south of 36 deg. 30 min., but does not ask, like Mr. Crittenden, for constitutional guaranties for its perpetual protection there. It is hardly worth while to spend time in discussing this proposition. It is too late. There is no longer any question of compromises. The question before us is simply and plainly, Shall the Union and the Constitution be maintained, and the laws obeyed, or shall the American people and their government yield to slaveholding threats, and submit to be coerced by traitors? The slaveholders are in rebellion, and the only thing to be determined at present is, whether they or the constituted authorities shall govern the Republic?

A sufficient reply to Mr. Corwin has been made by a minority of the Committee, Messrs. Washburn and Tappan. It urges very forcibly that the proposed concessions will not restore harmony between the sections, but will only incense the North without appeasing the South. They remark significantly that "the successful party in the last election did not elect their candidates to have their principles sacrificed."—*Th*[illegible]

DR. CHEEVER AT AYR.

[The Ayr (Scotland) *Advertiser* speaks of Dr. Cheever as having officiated in several churches in that place on the previous Sabbath and reports one of his sermons, from which we give an extract.]

IT was difficult, indeed, to make people in this country [England] understand the depth of corruption in the Church in America, in regard to this sin of slavery. Till lately, all the sympathy of the Churches had been called forth on behalf of the slaveholders, and to protect them from the onslaught of the Abolitionists; but not one of them had a word to say on behalf of the oppressed slave. It was the old story over again. The poor bleeding negro lay by the wayside, the priest and the Levite passed by on the other side, and the good Samaritan was sneered at as an infidel. It was only proper to observe, with reference to the late Presidential election, that the Republicans were only opposed on political grounds to the extension of slavery into free States; they had no intention or wish to break a single existing fetter. This was the kind of anti-slavery that was popular in America. The Reverend Doctor then proceeded to state, after a careful study of the Word of God, he considered it his duty to raise his voice against slavery, as a system inherently sinful. He wrote a book on the subject; but such was the despotism and intolerance of the slaveholding interest, that he could not get a publisher in New York to print it. He had to go to Boston, and such was the influence brought to bear even there, that the publisher refused to let his name appear on the title page. But he was not content with merely using his pen. He raised his voice in his pulpit, and this stirred up the bitter animosity of a powerful and wealthy minority in his congregation, who had used every effort to eject him from his pulpit. The contest had continued for six years, and their resources were now so crippled that, unless they received aid, they must succumb. They had to pay £300 a year for the feu of their church; and if they were one day behind in meeting this call, their church would be taken from them. It was to solicit the aid of Christians in this country that he had come over. It would require a sum of about £4,000 to place them in a position of independence; and if they could hold out a little longer, he was certain that there would be large numbers in all parts of America who would rally round them. The Reverend Doctor, who spoke for nearly two hours, was listened to throughout with great attention.

MISS REMOND IN EDINBURGH.

ON Saturday evening, Miss Sarah P. Remond, a lady of color, delivered a lecture on American Slavery, in Brighton street chapel, Edinburgh—Andrew Fyfe, Esq., in the chair. She was accompanied to the platform by Mr. W. Chambers, Rev. Mr. Kirk, and Miss Lillie and Miss Wigham, secretaries to the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society. The lecture consisted chiefly of a review of the present state of matters in America, and she expressed her belief that the prospects of the slave were never in a more hopeful state than at present. Mr. W. Chambers moved a resolution to the effect that the meeting regarded with horror the system of American slavery, and warmly sympathized with the struggle now going on; and, in supporting it, gave an interesting account of his personal observation of the horrors of slavery, and expressed his belief that the slavery question would not be settled without bloodshed. Mr. Blair seconded the motion. The Rev. Mr. Dickie moved the second and last resolution, which expressed the deep regret of the meeting at the position which the American Church, with a few honorable exceptions, had taken—the side of the oppressor—and sympathy with Dr. Cheever in his efforts in the abolition cause. Mr. Lillie seconded the resolution. Both resolutions were agreed to, and, after a vote of thanks to the Chairman, the meeting separated.—*London Post, Jan.* 1.

THE LORDS OF THE LASH.

THERE never was seen such a set of arrogant and imperious rulers as the slave-driving captains of this Republic, since the world began. Such men cannot be created except by slavery. It is the institution that makes them, and nothing else could do it. Of all men, they most need the discipline of reverses or the humiliation of defeat. It is their insolence of temper that forbids them to submit to being fairly beaten in a Presidential election. They will not take the position of a defeated party. They will rule or they will ruin. They will govern the country or they will destroy it, if they can. They will remain in control of the government, or they will drag it down about our ears, and bury all in a common destruction.

These are certainly amiable gentlemen to compromise with, and concede to, and alter the Constitu-

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tion for. If there were any self-respect among those of whom compromises, and concessions, and new constitutional guaranties are now demanded, they would treat all such demands with dignified silence, or rebuke them with a just condemnation. There is really but one reply to make to their arrogance: Gentlemen, you, with us, live under a common government, and a common Constitution. We should all submit to its regular and legitimate action. We owe this allegiance as honorable men and good citizens and true patriots. This has been the rule of all parties in the country for three quarters of a century; and it must not be altered because of any sudden freak of pride, or passion, or political disappointment. It is right that you should submit to what we have all submitted to, and you must submit. If you say you will not, then you are rebels and traitors, and we must look upon you as such, and treat you accordingly.

Now, it seems to me that nothing is plainer than that this is the only course of conduct fitted to maintain the integrity and stability of the government, and to preserve the respect either of our own people or of foreign nations. If the government cannot stand on this, it cannot stand at all. If it is incapable of preserving itself on this basis, it is not worth preserving.—J. S. P.—*Tribune.*

"THE LESSONS OF THE HOUR."

ADDRESS OF WENDELL PHILLIPS,

Before the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, at Music Hall, Boston, on Sunday Morning, January 20, 1861.

Phonographically reported for The Boston Atlas and Bee.]

Music Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity yesterday forenoon, to listen to an address by Wendell Phillips, Esq., upon "The Lessons of the Hour."

In consequence of a threat to prevent Mr. Phillips from speaking, Mayor Wightman had a number of officers, in citizens' dress, stationed at various parts of the hall: he also had in readiness at City Hall a police force of seventy-five picked men. This force were to act at a moment's notice. On the part of the State government, Gov. Andrew, Cols. Sargent and Ritchie of the staff, Adj. Gen. Schouler and Sheriff Clark located in the immediate vicinity of Music Hall, prepared for any emergency. Happily their services were not required.

In the course of the preliminary exercises, Mr. Phillips read from the Scriptures, Isaiah lviii. 8, after which he commenced his remarks by saying: "Allow me to make the same request that I did on a recent occasion—that the friends of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Church will preserve entire silence this morning." He then continued, as follows:

Address of Mr. Phillips.

THE office of the pulpit is to teach men their duty. Wherever men's thoughts have any influence on their laws, it is the duty of the pulpit to preach politics. If it were possible to conceive of a community whose opinions had no influence on their government, there the pulpit would have no occasion to talk of government. I never heard or knew of such a community. Though sheltered by Roman despotism, Herod and the chief priests abstained from this and that because they "feared the people." The Sultan dared to murder his Janissaries only when the streets came to hate them as much as he did. The Czar, at the head of a government whose Constitution knows no check but poison and the dagger, yet feels the pressure of public opinion. Certainly, where pews are full of voters, no question but the sermon should be full of politics.

"The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice." "The covenant with death is annulled—the agreement with hell is broken to pieces." The chain which has held the slave system since 1787 is parted. Thirty years ago Southern leaders, sixteen years ago Northern Abolitionists, announced their purpose to seek the dissolution of the American Union. Who dreamed that success would come so soon? South Carolina—bankrupt, alone, with a hundred thousand more slaves than whites, four blacks to three whites within her borders—flings her gauntlet at the feet of twenty-five millions of people in defence of an idea. I would New England could count one State as fearless among her six. Call it not the madness of an engineer who places himself in front of his cannon at the moment of discharge; call it, rather, the forlorn hope of the mariner, seizing plank or spar in the fury of the storm. The mistake of South Carolina is, she fancies there is more chance of saving slavery outside of the Union than inside. Three States have followed her example. Probably the rest of the slave States, or many of them, will find themselves unable to resist the infection—and then the whole merciless conspiracy of 1787 is ended, and timid men will dare to hate slavery without trembling for bread or life.

Let us look at the country—the North, the South, and the government. The South divided into three sections—1st, Those who hold slaves exactly as they do bank stock or land—and of course love the Union, which enables them to treat man as property—timid wealth shrinking from change, but so timid as to stand dumb. 2d, Those who have ruled the [illegible] monopolizing Presidents' chairs and embassies; defeated now, these plan, in earnest sincerity, for another nation with Presidencies and embassies all to themselves. 3d. A class made up from these two, who cling to the Union in their hearts, but threaten loudly, well knowing the loudest threats get the best bargain.

The object of the South is a separate confederacy—hoping it will stand long enough for the North to ask for annexation on their terms.

Then comes the government, so called—in reality, a conspiracy against justice and honest men—some of its members pilferers and some traitors—the rest pilferers and traitors, too. Like all outgoing administrations, they have no wish to lessen the troubles of their successors by curing the nation's hurt—rather aggravate it. They have done all the mischief in their power, and long now only to hear the clock strike twelve on the 4th day of March.

Then look at the North, divided into three sections—1st, The defeated minority, glad of anything that troubles their conquerors. 2d, The class of Republicans led by Seward, offering to surrender anything to save the Union (applause). Their Gospel is the Constitution (applause), and the slave clause is their Sermon on the Mount (laughter and applause). They think that at the judgment day, the blacker the sins they have committed to save the Union, the clearer will be their title to heaven. 3d, The rest of the Republicans, led by *The Tribune*—all honor to *The Tribune*, faithful and true!—who consider their honor pledged to fulfil in office the promises made in the canvass. Their motto is, "The Chicago platform, every inch of it: not a hair's breadth of the Territories shall be surrendered to slavery" (applause). But they, too, claim the cannon's mouth to protect forts, defend the flag, and save the Union. At the head of this section, we have every reason to believe, stands Mr. Abraham Lincoln.

All these are the actors on the stage. But the foundation on which all stand divides only into two parts—those who like slavery and mean it shall last, and those who hate it and mean it shall die. In the boiling gulf goes on the perpetual conflict of acid and alkali; all these classes are but bubbles on the surface. The upper millstone is *Right*, and the lower *Wrong*. Between them, governments and parchments, parties and compromises, are being slowly ground to powder.

Broadly stated, the South plans a Southern confederacy to uphold slavery; the North clings to the Union to uphold trade and secure growth. Without the Union, Mr. Seward tells us we can neither be safe, rich, strong, nor happy. We used to think justice was before thrift, and nobleness better than happiness. I place no great reliance on that prudent patriotism which is the child of interest. *The Tribune*, usually frank, preëminently honorable and lofty as has been its tone of late, still says, "Be it the business of the people everywhere to forget the negro, and remember only the country" (applause).

After drifting a dreary night of thirty years, before the hurricane, our ship of State is going to pieces on the lee shore of slavery. Every one confesses that the poison of our body politic is slavery. European critics, in view of it, have pronounced the existence of the Union hitherto a "fortunate accident." Orators floated into fame on one inspired phrase, "irrepressible conflict." Jefferson died foreseeing that this was the rock on which we should split. Even Mr. Webster, speaking with bated breath, in the cold chill of 1850, still dared to be a statesman, and offered to meet the South on this question, suggesting a broad plan for the cure of our dread disease. But now, with the Union dropping asunder, with every brain and tongue active, we have yet to hear the first statesman word, the first proposal to consider the fountain and origin of all our ills. We look in vain through Mr. Seward's speech for one hint or suggestion as to any method of dealing with our terrible hurt. Indeed, one of his terrors of disunion is that it will give room for "an European, an uncompromising hostility to slavery." Such an hostility, the irrepressible conflict of right and wrong, William H. Seward, in 1861, pronounces "fearful"! To describe the great conflict of the age, the first of American statesmen, in the year of Garibaldi and Italy, can find no epithet but "fearful."

The servile silence of the 7th March, 1850, is outdone, and Massachusetts yields to New York the post of infamy which her great Senator has hitherto filled. Yes, of all the doctors bending over the patient, not one dares to name the disease, except *The Tribune*, which advises him to forget it! Throughout half of the great cities of the North every one who touches on it is mobbed into silence! This is, indeed, the saddest feature of our times.

Let us, then, who, unlike Mr. Seward, are not afraid to tell, even now, all and just what we wish—let us look at the real nature of the crisis in which we stand. *The Tribune* says we should "forget the negro." It seems to me that all our past, all our present and all our future command us at this moment to think of nothing but the negro (slight laughter, derisively).

Let me tell you why.

The first duty of society is JUSTICE. If any other basis of safety or gain were honest, it would be impossible. "A prosperous iniquity," says Jeremy Taylor, "is the most unprofitable condition in the world." We were not sent into the world to plant cities, to make Unions or save them. Seeing that all men are born equal, our first civil duty is to see that our laws treat them so. The convulsion of this hour is the effort of the nation to do this, its duty, while politicians and parties strive to balk it of its purpose. The nation agonizes this hour to recognize man as man—forgetting the color, condition, sex, and creed.

Our Revolution earned us only *independence*. Whatever our fathers meant, the chief lesson of that hour was that America belongs to Americans. That generation learned it thoroughly; the second inherited it as a prejudice; we, the third, have our bones and blood made of it. When thought passes through purpose into character, it becomes the unchangeable basis of national life. That Revolutionary lesson need never be learned again, and will never die out. Let a British fleet, with Admirals of the blue and red, cover our Atlantic coast, and in ten days Massachusetts and Carolina will stand shoulder to shoulder, the only rivalry, who shall die nearest the foe (loud applause, with cries of "good").

That principle is all our revolution directly taught us. Massachusetts was hide-bound in the aristocracy of classes for years after. The bar and the orthodox pulpit were our House of Lords. A Baptist clergyman was little better than a negro. The five points of Massachusetts' decency were to trace your lineage to the Mayflower—graduate at Harvard College—be a good lawyer or a member of an orthodox church—either would answer (laughter)—pay your debts, and frighten your child to sleep by saying "Thomas Jefferson." Our theological aristocracy went down before the stalwart blows of the Baptist and the Unitarian—before Channing and Abner Kneeland. Virginia and Carolina slaveholders, making theoretical democracy their passion, conquered the Federal government and emancipated the working classes of New England. Bitter was the cup to honest Federalism and the Essex junto. To-day Massachusetts only holds to the lips of Carolina a beaker of the same beverage. I know no man who has analyzed this passage in our history so well as Richard Hildreth. The last thirty years have been the flowering out of this lesson. The democratic principle, crumbling classes into men, has been working down from pulpits and judges' seats, through shop-boards and shoe-benches, to Irish hodmen, and reached the negro at last. The long toil of a century cries out "*Eureka*"—I have found it—the diamond of an immortal soul and an equal manhood under a black skin as sure as under a white one. For this, Leggett labored and Lovejoy died. For this, the bravest soul of the century went up to God from a Virginia scaffold (hisses and applause). For this, young men gave up their May of youth and the old men the honors and ease of age. It went through the land, writing history afresh, setting up and pulling down parties, riving sects, mowing down colossal reputations, making us veil our faces in shame at the baseness of our youth's idols, sending bankrupt statesmen to dishonored graves.

We stand to-day just as Hancock and Adams and Jefferson stood, when stamp act and tea tax, Patrick Henry's eloquence, and the massacre of March 5th, Otis's blood, and Bunker Hill, had borne them to July, 1776. Suppose at that moment John Adams had cried out, "Now let the people everywhere forget Independence and remember only 'God save the King!'" (Laughter.) The toil of a whole generation, thirty years, has been spent in examining this question of the rights and place of the negro—the whole earnest thought of the nation given to it—old parties have been wrecked against it, new ones grown out of it—it stifles all other questions—the interests of the nation necessarily suffer because men refuse to think of anything else—it struggles up through all compromises, asserting its right to be heard, no green withes of eloquence and cunning, trade, pulpit, Congress or college, succeed in binding this Sampson—the business of the seaboard begs it may be settled, no matter how—the whole South is determined to have it met, proclaiming that it does not secede because of Personal Liberty laws or a Republican President, but because of the state of *Northern feeling* of which these are *signs*. It is not Northern laws or officers they fear, but Northern *conscience*. Why, then, should not the North accept the issue and try to settle the question forever? You may run the Missouri line to the Pacific, but Garrison still lives—and while he does, South Carolina hates and fears Massachusetts (applause). No resolves can still our brains or stifle our hearts. Till you do, the slaveholder feels that New England is his natural foe. There can, therefore, be no real peace till we settle the slave question. If thirty years of debate have not fitted us to meet it, when shall we be able?

But the most honest Republicans say a State has no right to secede. We will show first that we have a government, and then, not before, settle disputed questions. Suppose a State has no right to secede, of what consequence is that? A Union is made up of willing States, not of conquered provinces. There are some rights, quite perfect, yet wholly incapable of being enforced. A husband or wife who can only keep the other partner within the bond by locking the doors and standing armed before them, had better submit to peaceable separation (applause.) A firm, where one partner refuses to act, has a full right to his services, but how compel them? South Carolina may be punished for her fault in going out of the Union, but that does not keep her in it. Why not recognize soberly the nature and necessity of our position? Why not, like statesmen, remember that homogeneous nations, like France, tend to centralization—Confederacies, like ours, tend inevitably to dismemberment? France is the slow, still deposit of ages on central granite; only the globe's convulsion can rive it! We are the rich mud of the Mississippi—every flood shifts it from one side to the other of the channel. Nations like Austria, victim States, held under the lock and key of despotism—or, like ourselves, a herd of States, hunting for their food together—must expect that any quarrel may lead to disunion. Beside, [illegible] *arma silent leges*—armies care nothing for constables. This is not a case at law, but Revolution.

Let us not, however, too anxiously grieve over the Union of 1787. Real Unions are not made—they grow. This was made, like an artificial waterfall or a Connecticut nutmeg. It was not an oak which to-day a tempest shatters. It was a wall hastily built, in hard times, of round boulders—the cement has crumbled, and the smooth stones, obeying the law of gravity, tumble here and there. Why should we seek to stop them, merely to show that we have a right and can? That were only a waste of means and temper. Let us build, like the Pyramids, a fabric which every natural law guarantees; or, better still, *plant* a Union whose life survives the ages, and quietly gives birth to its successor.

Mr. Seward's last speech, which he confesses does not express his real convictions, denies every principle, but one, that he proclaimed in his campaign addresses; that one—which, at Lansing, he expressly said "he was ashamed to confess"—that one is this, every thing is to be sacrificed to save the Union. I am not aware that on any public occasion, varied and wide as have been his discussions and topics, he has ever named the truth or the virtue which he would not sacrifice to save the Union. For thirty years there has been stormy and searching discussion of profound moral questions; one, whom his friends call our only statesman, has spoken often on all; yet he has never named the sin which he does not think its saving of the Union would not change into a virtue.

Remembering this element of his statesmanship, let us listen to the key-note of his late speech: "The first object of every human society is safety or security—for which, if need be, they will and they must sacrifice every other."

I will not stop to say that, even with his explanations, his principle is equivocal, and, if unlimited, false; that, unqualified, it justifies every crime, and would have prevented every glory of history; that by it, James II. and Bonaparte were saints; under one sense the Pilgrims were madmen, and under another the Puritans did right to hang Quakers. But, grant it. Suppose the Union means wealth, culture, happiness and safety—man has no right to buy either by crime.

Many years ago, on the floor of Congress, Kentucky and Tennessee both confessed that "the dissolution of the Union was the dissolution of slavery." Last month Senator Johnson of Tennessee said, "If I were an Abolitionist and wanted to accomplish the abolition of slavery in the Southern States, the first step I would take would be to break the bonds of this Union. I believe the continuance of slavery depends on the preservation of this Union, and a compliance with all the guaranties of the Constitution." In September last, Mr. Seward himself said, "What are they [the Southern States] in for, but to have slavery saved for them by the Federal Union? Why would they go out, for they could not maintain and defend themselves against their own slaves?" In this last speech he tells us it is the Union which restricts the opposition of slavery within narrow limits, and prevents it from being, like that of Europe, a "direct and uncompromising" demand for abolition.

Now, if the Union created for us a fresh Golconda every month, if it made every citizen wise as Solomon, blameless as St. John, and safe as an angel in the courts of Heaven, to cling to it would still be a damnable crime, hateful to God, while its cement was the blood of the negro—while it, and it alone, made the crime of slaveholding possible in fifteen States.

Mr. Seward is a power in the State. It is worth while to understand his course. It cannot be caprice. His position decides that of millions. The instinct that leads him to take it shows his guess, (and he rarely errs) what the majority intend. I reconcile thus the utter difference and opposition of his campaign speeches and his last one. I think he went West, sore at the loss of the nomination, but with too much good sense, perhaps magnanimity, to act over again Webster's sullen part when Taylor stole his rights.

Still Mr. Seward, though philosophic, though keen to analyze and unfold the theory of our politics, is not cunning in plans. He is only the hand and tongue; his brain lives in private life on the Hudson river side. Acting under that guidance, he thought Mr. Lincoln not likely to go beyond, even if he were able to keep, the whole Chicago platform. Accordingly he said, I will give free rein to my natural feeling and real convictions, till these Abolitionists of the Republican ranks shall cry, "Oh, what a mistake. We ought to have nominated Seward; another time we will not be balked." Hence the hot eloquence and fearless tone of those prairie speeches. He returns to Washington, finds Mr. Lincoln sturdily insisting that his bond is pledged to keep, in office, every promise made in the platform. Then Mr. Seward shifts his course, saying, "Since my abolitionism cannot take the wind from my rival's sails, I'll get credit as a conservative. Accepting the premiership, I will forestall public opinion and do all possible to bind the coming administration to a policy which I originate." He offers to postpone the whole Chicago platform in order to save the Union—though last October, at Chicago, he told us postponement never settles anything—whether it is a lawsuit or national question, better be beat and try again, than postpone.

This speech of Mr. Seward I regard as a declaration of war against the avowed policy of the incoming President. If Lincoln were Andrew Jackson, as his friends aver, he would dismiss Mr. Seward from his Cabinet. The incoming administration, if honest and firm, has two enemies to fight, Mr. Seward and the South.

His power is large. Already he has swept our Adams into the vortex—making him offer to sacrifice the whole Republican platform—though, as events have turned, he has sacrificed only his own personal honor. Fifteen years ago, John Quincy Adams prophesied that the Union would not last twenty years. He little thought that disunion, when it came, would swallow his son's honor in its gulf.

At such hours New England Senators and Representatives have, from the idea of their very ultraism, little or no direct weight in Congress. But while New England is the brain of the Union, and therefore foreshadows what will be public opinion in the plastic West five years hence, it is of momentous consequence that the people here should make their real feelings known—that the pulpit and press should sound the bugle note of utter defiance to slavery itself—Union or no Union, Constitution or no Constitution, freedom for every man between the oceans and from the hot Gulf to the frozen Pole! You may as well dam up Niagara with bulrushes as bind our anti-slavery purpose with Congressional compromise. The South knows it. While she holds out her hand for Seward's offer, she keeps her eye fixed on us to see what we think. Let her see that we laugh it to scorn. Sacrifice anything to keep the slaveholding States in the Union! God forbid! we will rather build a bridge of gold and pay their toll over it—accompany them out with glad noise of trumpets, and "speed the parting guest." Let them not "stand on the order of their going, but go at once!" Take the forts, empty our arsenals and sub-treasuries, and we will lend them, beside, jewels of gold and jewels of silver, and Egypt be glad when they are departed (laughter and applause).

But let the world distinctly understand why they go—to save slavery; and why we rejoice in their departure—because we know their declaration of independence is the jubilee of the slave. The eyes of the world are fixed on us as the great sample of self-government. When this Union goes to pieces, it is a shock to the hopes of the struggling millions of Europe. All lies bear bitter fruit. To-day is the inevitable fruit of our fathers' faithless compromise in 1787. For the sake of the future, in freedom's name, let thinking Europe understand clearly why we sever. They saw Mr. Seward paint, at Chicago, our utter demoralization, Church and State, government and people, all classes, educated and uneducated—all brought by the Slave Power, he said, to think slavery a blessing, and do anything to save it. So utter did he consider this demoralization, that he despaired of native Americans, and trusted to the hunted patriots and the refuse of Europe, which the emigrant trains bore by his house, for the salvation of the valley of the Mississippi. To-day they see that very man kneeling to that Slave Power, and begging her to take all, but only consent to grant him such a Union—Union with such a Power! How, then, shall Kossuth answer, when Austria laughs him to scorn? Shall Europe see the slaveholder kick the reluctant and kneeling North out of such a Union? How, then, shall Garibaldi dare look in the face of Napoleon? If, therefore, it were only to honor self-government, to prove that it educates men, not peddlers and cowards, let us proclaim our faith that honest labor can stand alone; its own right hand amply able to earn its bread and defend its rights (applause); and, if it were not so, our readiness, at any cost, to welcome disunion, when it comes bringing freedom to four million of hapless slaves! (Applause). What a sad comment on free institutions, that they have produced a South of tyrants, and a North of cowards; a South, ready to face any peril to save slavery, and a North unwilling to risk a dollar to serve freedom!

Why do I set so little value on the Union? Because I consider it a failure; certainly, so far as slavery is concerned, it is a failure. If you doubt me, look at the picture of its effects which Mr. Seward painted at Chicago.

Under it, 700,000 slaves have increased to four million. We have paid $800,000,000 directly to the support of slavery. This secession will cost the Union and business fifty million more. The loss which this disturbing force has brought on our trade and industry, within sixty years, it would be safe to call $500,000,000. Is the Union a pecuniary success? Under it, slavery has been strong enough to rule the nation for sixty years, and now breaks it to pieces because it can rule it no longer. Under it, public morals have been so lowered that while, at its outset, nine men out of ten were proud to be called Abolitionists, now, nine men out of ten would deem it not only an insult, but a pecuniary injury, to be charged with being so. Ever since it existed, its friends have confessed that to save it it was necessary and proper to crush free speech. Witness John Adams's sedition laws. Witness mobs of well dressed merchants in every Northern city now. Witness one half of the Republican party lamenting free speech, this hour, throughout the North.

Mr. Seward confessed, at Chicago, that neither free speech nor free suffrage existed in one half of the States. No Northern man can trade, live or talk there. For twenty years men have been mobbed, robbed, lynched, hung and burned there, solely for loving liberty; and while the Federal government never lifted a finger to prevent or punish it, the very States whose citizens have been outraged have been too indifferent even to remonstrate. Massachusetts, who once remonstrated, saw her own agents mobbed out of Charleston with her full consent.

Before the Union existed, Washington and Jefferson uttered the boldest anti-slavery opinions; to-day, they would be lynched in their own homes; and their sentiments have been mobbed this very year in every great city of the North. The Fugitive Slave bill could never have been passed nor executed in the days of Jay. Now, no man who hopes for office dares to insist that it is unconstitutional. Slavery has turned our Churches of Christ to Churches of commerce.

John Quincy Adams, the child of our earlier civilization, said the Union was worthless, weighed against that liberty it was meant to secure. Mr. Seward, child of the Union, says there are few men, and there ought to be few, who would not prefer saving the Union to securing freedom; and standing to-day at the head of nineteen million of free men, he confesses he does not deem it prudent to express his "most cherished convictions" on this subject, while every honest man fears, and three fourths of Mr. Seward's followers hope, that the North, in this conflict of right and wrong, will, spite of Horace Greeley's warning, "love liberty less than profit, dethrone conscience and set up commerce in its stead." You know it. A Union whose despotism is so cruel and searching that one half our lawyers and one half our merchants stifle conscience for bread;—in the name of Martin Luther and John Milton, of Algernon Sydney and Henry Vane, of John Jay and Samuel Adams, I declare such a Union a failure.

It is for the chance of saving such a Union that Mr. Seward and Mr. Adams break in Washington all the promises of the canvass, and countenance measures which stifle the conscience and confuse the moral sense of the North. Say not that my criticism of them is harsh. I know their philosophy. It is, conciliate, compromise, postpone, practise finesse, make promises, or break them, do anything to gain time and concentrate the North against slavery. Our fathers tried that policy in 1787. That they miserably failed is proved by a Capitol filled with knaves and traitors, yet able to awe and ruin honest men. It was tried in 1821, and failed. It was tried in 1850, and failed. Who is audacious enough to ask another trial? The Republicans say, "Conciliate—use soft language—organize, behind the door, bands of volunteers; and when we have saved Washington, we may dare speak out." That is good policy for midnight conspirators. But if we are a government, if we are a nation, we should say, "Tell the truth! If coercion is policy, tell the truth. Call for volunteers in every State and vindicate the honor of the nation in the light of the sun!" (Applause.)

The Union, then, is a failure. What harm can come from disunion, and what good?

The seceding States will form a Southern Confederacy. We may judge of its future from the history of Mexico. The Gulf States intend to reopen the slave trade. If Kentucky and Tennessee, Virginia, Maryland, and North Carolina secede, the opening of that trade will ruin them, and they will gravitate to us, free. Louisiana cannot secede except on paper; the omnipotent West needs her territory as the mouth of its river. She must stay with us as a State or a conquered Province—and may have her choice (laughter). Beside, she stands on sugar, and free trade bankrupts her. Consider the rest of the slave States as one power—how can it harm us? Let us see the ground of Mr. Seward's fears. Will it increase our expenses or lessen our receipts? No, every one of those States costs the Union more than it contributes to it. Can it harm us by attacks? States without commerce or manufactures, and with an army of four millions of natural enemies encamped among them, have given bonds to keep the peace. Will they leave us so small and weak by going that we cannot stand alone? Let us see. There is no reason to suppose that the free States, except California, will not cling together. *Idem velle, idem nolle*—to like and dislike the same things, says the Latin proverb, is friendship. When a great number of persons agree in a great number of things, that ensures a union—that is not the case with the North and South, therefore we separate; that is the case with the whole North, therefore we shall remain united. How strong shall we be? Our territory will be twice as large as Austria, three times as large as France, four times as large as Spain, six times as large as Italy, seven times as large as Great Britain. Those nations have proved, for a considerable period, that they had sufficient land to stand on. Our population will be about nineteen millions—more than the Union had in 1840. I do not think we were much afraid of anybody in 1840. Our blood is largely Yankee, a race that saved Carolina from her own Tories in the Revolution (laughter). Without that hindrance, we could fight certainly as well as we did then; and then, with three million men only, we measured swords with the ablest nation of Europe, and conquered. I think, therefore, we have no reason to be very nervously anxious now. Indeed, Mr. Seward's picture of the desolation and military weakness of the divided States, if intended for the North, is the emptiest lie in his speech. I said *lie*—I meant it. I will tell you why. Because one William H. Seward said, last fall, at Lansing—"We are maintaining a standing army at the heavy cost of one thousand dollars per man, and a standing navy—for what? to protect Michigan or Massachusetts, New York or Ohio? *No, there is not a nation on the face of the earth which would dare attack these free States, or any of them, if they were even disunited.* We are doing it in order that slaves may not escape from slave States into the free, and to secure those States from domestic insurrection; and because, if we provoke a foreign foe, slavery cries out that it is in danger." Surely, the speaker of those words has no right to deny that our expenses and danger will be less, and our power to meet both greater, when the slave States are gone.

Indeed, everybody knows this. And this trembling dread of losing the Union, which so frightens the people that, in view of it, Mr. Seward, as a practical man, dares not now tell, as he says, what he really thinks and wishes, is the child of his and Webster's insincere idolatry of the Union. To serve party and personal ambition, they made a god of the Union; and to-day their invention returns to plague the inventors. They made the people slaves to a falsehood; and that same deluded people have turned their fetters into gags for Mr. Seward's lips. Thank God for the retribution!

But the Union created commerce; disunion will kill it. The Union the mother of commerce? I doubt it. I question whether the genius and energy of the Yankee race are not the parent of commerce and the fountain of wealth, much more than the Union. That race, in Holland, first created a country, and then, standing on piles, called modern commerce into being. That race, in England, with territory just wide enough to keep its eastern and western harbors apart, monopolized for centuries the trade of the world and annexed continents only as coffers wherein to garner its wealth. Who shall say that the same blood, with only New England for its anchorage, could not drag the wealth of the West into its harbors? Who shall say that the fertile lands of Virginia and the Mississippi enrich us because they will to do so, and not because they are compelled? As long as New England is made of granite and the nerves of her sons of steel, she will be, as she always has been, the brain of North America, united or disunited; and harnessing the elements, steam and lightning, to her car of conquest, she will double the worth of every prairie acre by her skill, cover ocean with her canvas, and gather the wealth of the western hemisphere into her harbors.

Despite, then, of Seward's foreboding, our confederacy will be strong, safe and rich. Honest it will be, and therefore happy. Its nobleness will be, that, laughing at prophets, and scorning chances, it has taken the prop from the slave system, and in one night the whole fabric will tumble to pieces. Disunion is abolition! That is all the value disunion has for me. I care nothing for forms of government. No foreign State dare touch us, united or disunited. It matters not to me whether Massachusetts is worth one thousand millions, as now, or two thousand, as she might be, if she had no Carolina to feed, protect, and carry the mails for. The music of disunion to me is, that at its touch, the slave breaks into voice, shouting his jubilee.

What supports slavery? Northern bayonets, calming the masters' fears. Mr. Seward's words, which I have just quoted, tell you what he thinks the sole use of our army and navy. Disunion leaves God's natural laws to work their good results. God gives every animal means of self-protection. Under God's law, insurrection is the tyrant's check. Let us stand out of the path and allow the divine law to have free course.

Next, Northern opinion is the opiate of Southern conscience. Disunion changes that. Public opinion forms governments, and again governments react to mould opinion. Here is a government just as much permeated by slavery as China or Japan is with idolatry.

The Republican party take possession of this government. How are they to undermine the Slave Power? That Power is composed, 1st, of the inevitable influence of wealth—2,000,000,000 of dollars—the worth of the slaves in the Union—so much capital drawing to it the sympathy of all other capital; 2d, of the artificial aristocracy created by the three-fifths slave basis of the Constitution; 3d, by the potent and baleful prejudice of color.

The aristocracy of the Constitution!—where have you seen an aristocracy with half its power? You may take a small town here in New England, with a busy, active population of 2,500, and three or four such men as Gov. Aiken, of South Carolina, riding leisurely to the polls, and throwing their visiting cards in for ballots, will blot out the entire influence of that New England town in the Federal government. That is your Republicanism! Then, when you add to that the element of prejudice, which is concentrated in the epithet which spells negro with two "g's," you make the three strand cable of the Slave Power—the prejudice of race, the omnipotence of money, and the almost irresistible power of aristocracy. That is the Slave Power.

How is Mr. Lincoln to undermine it, while in the Union? Certainly, by turning every atom of patronage and pecuniary profit in the keeping of the Federal government to the support of freedom. You know that the policy has been always acted upon ever since Washington, and it has been openly avowed ever since Fillmore, that no man was to receive any office who was not sound on the slavery question. You remember the debate in the Senate, when that was distinctly avowed to be the policy of Mr. Fillmore. You remember Mr. Clay letting it drop out accidentally, in debate, that the slaveholders had always closely watched the Cabinet, and kept a majority there, in order to preserve the ascendancy of slavery. This is the policy which, in the course of fifty years, has built up the Slave Power. Now, how is the Republican party ever to beat that Power down? By reversing that policy, in favor of freedom. Cassius Clay said to me, five years ago; "If you will allow me to have the patronage of this government five years, and exercise it remorselessly, down to New Orleans—never permit any one but an avowed Abolitionist to hold office under the Federal government—I will revolutionize the slave States themselves in two administrations." That is a scheme of efficient politics. But the Republican party has never yet professed any such policy.

Mr. Greeley, on the contrary, avowed in *The Tribune*, that he had often voted for a slaveholder willingly, and he never expected the time would come when he should lay down the principle of refusing to vote for a slaveholder to office; and that sentiment has not only been reiterated by others of the Republican party, but has never been disavowed by any one. But suppose that you could develop politics up to this idea, that the whole patronage of the government should be turned in favor of abolition—it would take two or three generations to overturn what the Slave Power has done in sixty years, with the power of aristocracy and the strength of prejudice on its side. With the patronage of the government in its control, the Republican party must work slowly to regenerate the government against these elements in opposition, when, with them in its favor, the Slave Power has been some sixty years in bringing about such a result as we see around us. To reverse this, and work only with the patronage of the government, it would take you long to effect the cure. In my soul, I believe that a dissolution of the Union, sure to result speedily in the abolition of slavery, would be a lesser evil than the slow, faltering, diseased, gradual dying out of slavery, constantly poisoning us with the festering remains of this corrupt political, social and literary state. I believe a sudden, conclusive, definite disunion, resulting in the abolition of slavery, in the disruption of the Northern mind from all connection with it, all vassalage to it, *immediately*, would be a better, healthier, and more wholesome cure, than to let the Republican party exert this gradual influence through the power of the government for thirty or sixty years.

We are seeking the best way to get rid of a great national evil. Mr. Seward's way is to put down the Union as a "fixed fact," and then educate politics up to a certain level. In that way we have got to live, like Sinbad, with Cushing, and Hillard, and Hallett, and O'Conor, and Douglas, and men like them, on our shoulders for the next thirty or forty years—with the Deweys and President Lords, and all that class of men—and all this timid servility of the press—all this lack of virtue and manhood—all this corruption of the pulpit—all this fossil hunkerism—all this selling of the soul for a mess of pottage—is to linger—working in the body politic for thirty or forty years, and we are gradually to eliminate the disease! What an awful future! What a miserable chronic disease! What a wreck of a noble nation the American Republic is to be for fifty years!

And why? Only to save a piece of parchment that Elbridge Gerry had instinct enough to think did not deserve saving, as long ago as 1789! Mr. Seward would leave New York united to New Orleans, with the hope (sure to be balked) of getting freer and freer from year to year. I want to place her, at once, in the same relation towards New Orleans that she bears to Liverpool. You can do it, the moment you break the political tie. What will that do? I will tell you. The New York pulpit is to-day one end of a magnetic telegraph, of which the New Orleans cotton market is the other. The New York stock market is one end of the magnetic telegraph, and the Charleston *Mercury* is the other. New York statesmanship! Why, even in the lips of Seward, it is sealed, or half sealed, by considerations that take their rise in the cane-breaks and cotton-fields of fifteen States. Break up this Union, and the ideas of South Carolina will have no more influence on Seward than those of Palmerston. The wishes of New Orleans would have no more influence on Chief Justice Bigelow than the wishes of London. The threats of Davis, Toombs and Keitt will have no more influence on *The Tribune* than the thunders of the London *Times* on the hopes of the Chartists. Our Bancrofts will no longer write history with one eye fixed on democratic success, nor our Websters invent "laws of God" to please Mr. Senator Douglas. We shall have as close connection, as much commerce; we shall still have a common language, a common faith and common race, the same common social life; we shall intermarry just the same; we shall have steamers running just as often and just as rapidly as now. But what cares Dr. Dewey for the opinion of Liverpool? Nothing! What cares he for the opinion of Washington? Everything! Break the link, and New York springs up like the fountain relieved from a mountain load, and assumes her place among decent cities. We mean no special praise of the English courts, pulpit or press by these comparisons; our only wish is to show that however close the commercial relations might continue to be between North and South, and in spite of that common faith and common tongue and common history which would continue to hold these thirty States together, still, as in the case of this country and England, wedded still by the same ties, the mere sundering of a political union would leave each half free, as that of 1776 did, from a very large share of the corrupt influence of the other.

That is what I mean by disunion. I mean to take Massachusetts, and leave her exactly as she is, commercially. She shall manufacture for the South just as Lancashire does. I know what an influence the South has on the manufacturers and clergy of England: that is inevitable in the nature of things. We have only human nature to work with, and we cannot raise it up to the level of angels. We shall never get beyond the sphere of human selfishness; but we can lift this human nature up to a higher level, if we can but remove the weight of this political relation which now rests upon it. What I would do with Massachusetts is this—I would make her, in relation to South Carolina, just what England is. I would that I could float her off, and anchor her in mid ocean!

Severed from us, South Carolina must have a government. You see now a reign of terror—threats to raise means. That can only last a day. Some system must give support to a government. It is an expensive luxury. You must lay taxes to support it. Where will you levy your taxes? They must rest on productions. Productions are the result of skilled labor. You must educate your laborer, if you would have the means for carrying on a government. Despotisms are cheap; free governments are a dear luxury—the machinery is complicated and expensive. If the South wants a theoretical Republic, she must pay for it—she must have a basis for taxation. How will she pay for it? Why, Massachusetts, with a million workmen, men, women and children—the little feet that can just toddle bringing chips from the woodpile—Massachusetts only pays her own board and lodging, and lays by about four per cent. a year. And South Carolina, with one-half idlers, and the other half slaves, only doing half the work of a free man—only one quarter of the population actually at work—how much do you suppose she lays up? Lays up a loss! By all the laws of political economy, she lays up bankruptcy—of course she does! Put her out, and let her see how sheltered she has been from the laws of trade by the Union.

The free labor of the North pays her plantation patrol, we pay for her government, we pay for her postage, and for everything else. Launch her out, and let her see if she can make the year's ends meet! And when she tries, she must educate her labor in order to get the basis for taxation. Educate slaves! Make a locomotive, with its furnaces of open wire work, fill them with anthracite coal, and when you have raised it to white heat; mount and drive it through a powder magazine, and you are safe, compared with a slaveholding community educating its slaves. But South Carolina must do it, in order to get the basis for taxation to support an independent government. The moment she does it, she removes the safeguard of slavery. What is the contest in Virginia now? Between the men who want to make their slaves mechanics, for the enhanced wages it will secure, and the men who oppose, for fear of the influence it will have on the general security of slave property and white throats. Just that dispute will go on, if ever the Union is dissolved. Slavery comes to an end by the laws of trade. Hang up your Sharp's rifle, my valorous friend! The slave does not ask the help of your musket. He only says, like old Diogenes to Alexander, "Stand out of my light!" Just take your awkward proportions, you Yankee Democrat and Republican, out of the light and heat of God's laws of political economy, and they will melt the slave's chains away!

Take your distorted Union, your nightmare monster, out of the light and range of those laws of trade and competition; then, without any sacrifice on your part, slavery will go to pieces! God made it a law of his universe, that villany should always be loss; and if you will only not attempt, with your puny efforts, to stand betwixt the inevitable laws of God's kingdom, as you are doing to-day, and have done for sixty years, by the vigor that the industry of sixteen States has been able to infuse into the sluggish veins of the South, slavery will drop to pieces by the very influence of the competition of the nineteenth century. That is what we mean by disunion!

That is my *coercion*. Northern pulpits cannonading the Southern conscience; Northern competition emptying its pockets; educated slaves awaking its fears; civilization and Christianity beckoning the South into their sisterhood. Soon every breeze that sweeps over Carolina will bring to our ears the music of repentance—and even she will carve on her Palmetto, "We hold this truth to be self-evident—that all men are created equal."

All hail, then, disunion! "Beautiful on the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth." The sods of Bunker Hill shall be greener, now that their great purpose is accomplished. Sleep in peace, Martyr of Harper's Ferry! Your life was not given in vain. Rejoice, spirits of Fayette and Kosciusko! The only stain on your swords is passing away. Soon, throughout all America, there shall be neither power nor wish to hold a slave.

[After Mr. Phillips had concluded, considerable numbers of his personal friends assembled about him, and, after the hall was nearly cleared, he proceeded with them from the building into Winter and up Washington street to Essex, where he resides. Several hundred persons followed closely upon him, and it required the aid of a body of policemen to keep the rabble back. When passing the apothecary shop of Mr. Jos. T. Brown, corner of Bedford and Washington streets, the crowd was so dense that, in hustling each other about, two of the large lights of the store were broken. The damage is about $100. A person, with a bar of iron, which he was flourishing about considerably, was requested to depart, and he not choosing so to do, the bar was taken from him, and a few words of admonition administered by one of the officers. At the residence of Mr. Phillips, after he had been seen safely inside by his friends, loud and enthusiastic cheers were given. Some few of the rabble attempted to make a demonstration, but with little success. Some pieces of ice were thrown, and thus ended the affair.]

A WORD FOR THE HOUR.

THE firmament breaks up. In black eclipse
Light after light goes out. One evil star,
Luridly glaring through the smoke of war,
As in the dream of the Apocalypse,
Drags others down. Let us not weakly weep
Nor rashly threaten. Give us grace to keep
Our faith and patience; wherefore should we leap
On one hand into fratricidal fight,
Or, on the other, yield eternal right,
Frame lies of law, and good and ill confound?
What fear we? Safe on Freedom's vantage ground
Our feet are planted: let us there remain
In unrevengeful calm, no means untried
Which truth can sanction, no just claim denied,
The sad spectators of a suicide!
They break the links of Union: shall we light
The fires of hell to weld anew the chain?
Draw we not even now a freer breath
As from our shoulders falls a load of death
Loathsome as that the doomed Mezentius bore?
Why take we up the accursed thing again?
Pity, forgive, but urge them back no more
Who, drunk with passion, hoist disunion's rag
With its vile reptile blazon. Let us press
The golden cluster on our brave old flag
In closer union, and, if numbering less,
Brighter shall shine the stars which still remain!

—*Amesbury, 16th day of 1st month.* J. G. W.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1861.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

POSITION AND PROSPECTS.

THE preliminaries of the capitulation of the Republicans to their enemies are fast adjusting themselves. We may expect, before long, to hear that the victorious party has received the grace for which it sued and is forgiven for having prevailed, on the slight conditions of yielding up everything that it had gained in the contest and of giving security that it will never do so again. All the indications at Washington and in too many of the free States point to some disgraceful settlement of this kind. To promote it, the old Mob fury is let loose against the Abolitionists wherever they have seen fit to hold their ordinary meetings. This has a twofold purpose. It is meant to intimidate the more resolute and really sincere Republicans and hinder them from holding fast their integrity; but yet more, to give the slaveholders a proof of the fervor of the devotion of their adherents of the Democratic and Bell-Everett parties in a sweet-smelling sacrifice to the divinity they adore in common. It is a pity that these swift servants of the altar of slavery could not comprehend how utterly they are despised by their superiors at the South! An Abolitionist may be a savory offering in their nostrils, but the creature they most despise on earth is the Northern man who assists at the sacrifice, to the music of base Union-saving anthems. In fact, there is but one class of Northern men who are sincerely respected by intelligent slaveholders, and that is the Abolitionists—as, indeed, they are the only class that deserve it.

The course of the slaveholders, or rather the slave States—for we think a distinction might be taken between these two terms, if all were known—has been a most Masterly Activity. They have brought the North to terms with a promptitude, skill and address which does credit to their long habits of mastery. Herodotus relates that the Scythians, returning once from an expedition into Medea, found their slaves risen in rebellion, and in the first encounters the slaves had the best of it. But one, wiser than the rest, among the masters, advised them to lay aside their arms and rush at the insurgents brandishing the whips with which they were used to chastise them. This worked to admiration. The old slavish feeling and the inveterate habits of submission returned upon the slaves, and they submitted without more ado. This is the policy our Southern owners have adopted towards us, their Northern chattels. Finding us in rebellion, having actually set up a leader of our own choice and proposing to make him ruler over us, they flourish over our heads the old scourge which has reduced us so often before to submission, and we are making haste to make our surrender such as will save us from their farther wrath. Having, for the first time in seventy years, a fair and just chance to shake our necks free from the yoke we have borne so long, or rather having a reasonable chance of having it taken off by the act of our masters themselves, we grovel in the dust before them that they may be graciously pleased to fasten it on again! It is no wonder that the slavemasters think that their black slaves cannot live without them when they see their white ones confess with groanings and supplications their own utter dependence upon them.

That the Democrats and Bell-Everett men should do this is nothing surprising. They are only serving the master they have always loved, and whose service to them is all the freedom they desire. But that the Republicans should even entertain the consideration of the terms proposed to them for their pardon and the remission of their political sins, is a sad evidence of how the gangrene of slavery has eaten into the very marrow of Northern bones. That even a spirit of decent resentment for the shameless way in which they are cheated out of the fruits of their victory, after they had always yielded patiently to their own defeats, should not rouse them to set the insolent tricksters at defiance, would be amazing, did we not know the long education in humiliation they have undergone. We can understand, in some degree, the force of the temptation to which they are exposed, and the strength of the pressure that is brought to bear upon them from without. We can understand how annoying it must be to men who have just acquired power by the regular constitutional methods, to have it snatched from them before they have clutched it. But we hope we shall never be able to comprehend how men can think it worth their while to surrender every principle they ever professed, and to deliver over an empire of domain and a nation of human beings to slavery as the price of being permitted to enjoy what belongs to them of right. We can only hope that, if this betrayal of liberty be consummated by the Republicans in Congress, that they will be paid in traitors' coin. And why should they not be? Why should the slaveholders, if they consent to return to the Union on the terms they have dictated, leave the administration of the nation in the hands of their conquered enemies? We trust that the Senate will have the spirit to refuse to confirm Mr. Seward or any Republican to any office, thus compelling President Lincoln to retain or to appoint "National Men" only to office. We could almost forgive them their victory, if they only would.

We have small hope for a better state of things from the Republicans. Our chief hope is in South Carolina. We trust that we have sinned too long and too deeply for her forgiveness. She is now, by all odds, the most powerful state in the Union. She is mistress of the situation, and if she remain in earnest to be out of the Union, the Union is dissolved. The cotton States that have seceded cannot retreat from the position they have taken, if she remain firm. And if they defy the General government to coerce them, as they can very well do and have a perfect right to do, the border States will have to choose between casting in their lot with them, or speedily emancipating their slaves. And as the control of those States, as well as of the others, is in the hands of men who do not own slaves, but only wish to own them, there can be no great doubt as to how the question will be decided. We have very great hope that the prospect of cheap negroes, through the reopening of the slave trade, may overbear the natural desire of our old masters to retain their dominion over us. We flatter ourselves that no repeal of Personal Liberty bills or opening of Territories will be enough to counterbalance the difference between one hundred and ten hundred dollars in the price of a slave. And we have too good an opinion of South Carolina not to believe that she really despises us all (all but the Abolitionists) too much to condescend to come into our company again. If she do but hold her own, we may have an honest Republic yet at the North, in spite of the Republicans, should they behave as ill as we fear they will.

And we have this further hope of the steadfastness of South Carolina, that she does not place her ground of complaint upon the pretences of Liberty bills or of Territories, but upon the fixed abhorrence of slavery in the Northern mind that the election of Lincoln argues. Now, Mr. Rhett of South Carolina, and Mr. Hilliard of Alabama, have altogether too much sense not to know that the effect of this whole secession movement, even if it be now abandoned, can only be to deepen whatever detestation of slavery does exist therein. They can perfectly well estimate the exasperation which the conduct of the South has aroused in the mind of the West and North-West, and they know human nature too well to believe that the men there are going to love slavery any better for all that has come and gone. They may enjoy the exultation due to the victory they are about to achieve over us, if they cannot do better; but they must know that the peace purchased by the granting of their demands, is not one that can endure long. They understand perfectly the power of free discussion, as they show in the tyrannical laws they enforce against it in their own domain, and they know that the country has been brought up to the present point by the force of the discussion of the character of slavery. The insensate fools who break up anti-slavery meetings at the North may believe that they can put a stop to thought and expression by their brutal folly; but the men that own them, down South, know better, and understand perfectly well that all these assaults only rebound upon the institution they would protect. Should, therefore, South Carolina be content to pardon the Northern States for having elected the man they prefer, and to take us again under her protection, and the other seceding States follow her example, as they will be sure to do, we shall consider that the anti-slavery cause has been put forward scores of years by the demonstrations of the past two months. And this, although the Republican party will perish of the blows received at the hands of Mr. Seward and its best friends. For a better party will arise out of its grave, which will more than replace it. But if, on the other hand, the Southern States should actually withdraw and leave the North to itself, we are sure that a new era in the history of mankind would date from that day. Once rid of its fatal ally, whose society has been only disease, and impoverishment, and deformity, the Northern Republic would rise at once to a degree of strength, wealth and beauty such as poets have never yet dreamed of. It would take its place alongside the foremost empires of the earth, while its neighbor at the South would soon be obliged to cure itself of its slavery or to perish miserably because of it.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTIONS IN CENTRAL AND WESTERN NEW YORK.

A MOBOCRATIC REVIVAL.

ROME, N. Y., Jan. 18, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WE have fallen upon new times. Of late we are encountering mobs as a rule, with quiet, orderly meetings as the exceptions. In the several localities we have visited during this month, free speech has been trampled upon with an impunity that would indicate that in the minds of the people generally it is an inalienable right of no peculiar sacredness, or rather no sacredness at all. Men of all parties, as we learn, are implicated in instigating these outrages—Republicans, in several instances, bearing a full share, if not actually taking the lead. Of the Buffalo Convention a correspondent has already given you some account. At Lockport there were the incipient mobocratic symptoms; at Albion a severe letting alone. At Rochester there were desperate attempts made to put down the Convention, and, on the part of a portion of the city authorities, commendable efforts to defend our right to be heard. On the afternoon of Friday, the first day, we had a large audience for a day meeting, and a quiet hearing. In the evening we were greeted by an uproarious mob, composed of "broadcloth" gentlemen, and ugly roughs, who seemed to be "hail fellows, well met." They rendered speaking so as to be heard impossible, triumphed over the city authorities, and at an early hour in the evening we adjourned till the following afternoon. On Saturday afternoon, a large audience assembled in Corinthian Hall, with a considerable delegation of turbulent spirits, but we again had a very good hearing, and a deeply interesting session, the mob spirit meanwhile fading out of sight. On Saturday evening the mob rallied again in still stronger force, and with more of desperation. This time, however, their demonstrations were outside instead of inside—admission to the Hall having been put at fifty cents for men. This arrangement, together with more efficient resistance on the part of the police, kept the meeting from being broken up again, and the discussions were uninterrupted. Hundreds of infuriated rioters were sorely grieved and disappointed outside. Mr. Reynolds, proprietor of the Hall, very unfortunately for himself, yielded to the demands of our enemies, and, in violation of his contract, closed the Hall against us on Sunday. When this was announced, WM. J. WATKINS, in behalf of Zion's Church (colored), invited the Convention to assemble therein on Sunday. The timely and generous offer was accepted, and two deeply interesting sessions were held in the afternoon and evening. Good-sized audiences were in attendance, including the acting Mayor, several Aldermen, and the Chief of Police, with a strong force. There was no disturbance, though some of the "baser sort" were present. Rev. BERIAH GREEN preached a very powerful and eloquent discourse upon the "Birthright of Humanity" on Sunday afternoon. Preceding the adjournment on Sunday evening, WM. J. WATKINS very earnestly and eloquently vindicated the anti-slavery cause, saying that he wished then and there to confess that in espousing the Republican cause, as he had done in the last campaign, though he then believed he was right, he now felt that he had made a mistake, and wished to confess his regrets. He paid an eloquent tribute to the faithfulness and efficiency of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Our friends in Rochester are highly gratified with the results of the Convention, and all regard it a triumphant success. On Saturday afternoon, Mrs. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON spoke very ably and with excellent effect in behalf of free speech, and SUSAN B. ANTHONY, in a speech of the same characteristics, discussed the present political aspects of the all-absorbing question. On Friday we had the efficient and very welcome coöperation of Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY, of Syracuse.

At Utica the feeling of opposition to us ran higher than at Rochester. The Board of Directors of the Mechanics' Association deliberately voted to violate their contract with us for the use of Mechanics' Hall. The Common Council held a special meeting and passed resolutions strongly in opposition to our Convention. They appointed a Committee to wait upon the owners of all the public halls in the city, to advise against their renting them to us; also another Committee to wait upon those who called the Convention, to urge that no

meeting of the kind be attempted in the city. I am informed that secret meetings of prominent citizens were held to devise means to break up the Convention. A leader in this secret movement, I am assured, was no less a personage than the Hon. ex-Governor Horatio Seymour, who seems to have been very much exercised on our account. He is reported to have said, in speaking of the proposed Convention, that "*Beriah Green deserved to be hung.*" At the appointed hour Miss Anthony and Mr. Green went to the Hall, but found a man stationed at the door, officially authorized to prevent their entrance; also collected outside the hall was a mob of several hundred persons. The Mayor was in attendance, and though he could offer no protection to freedom of speech, he rather extra gallantly persisted in acting as an escort to Miss Anthony on her return from the hall, to protect her from the miserable rabble called out by his own previous action, with that of his associates. No public place of meeting could be obtained in the city. The mobocrats and rioters, who had provided themselves liberally, we are told, with unmerchantable eggs, brickbats, stones, and pails of filth for their use, were thus disappointed. Excluded from the Hall which had been duly contracted for, a meeting of the Abolitionists of the city, and of adjoining towns, was held in the evening in the parlors of Mr. and Mrs. James C. De Long, 100 John street. The meeting was organized by appointing as President, J. C. DE LONG; Vice-Presidents, Job Parker, Mrs. Caroline E. Thompson, Julius Bisby, of West Winfield; Secretaries, Thomas Williams, J. Anna Rice; with Business and Finance Committees. Appropriate resolutions were introduced, discussed, and unanimously adopted. The meeting was successively addressed by A. M. POWELL, BERIAH GREEN, SUSAN B. ANTHONY, J. C. DE LONG, MR. MILLER and Mr. EZRA THOMPSON. The resolutions, and a condensed report of the proceedings, appeared the following afternoon in the Utica *Evening Telegraph*. The sentiments which were to be entirely suppressed were thus spread throughout the city. Utica is one of the darkest and most malignantly conservative cities in our State. To the few friends we have there we are under great obligations, especially to the families of Mr. Ezra Thompson and Mr. J. C. De Long. We have cause to thank Mr. Thompson, in particular, for untiring and constant efforts to serve the interests of our movement.

Yesterday we went to Rome, where a Convention had been announced. Rumors of a mob were rife. In the afternoon we had a small but intelligent and appreciative audience, and a quiet undisturbed hearing. I addressed the meeting for half or three-quarters of an hour, and was followed by Stephen S. Foster in a very earnest, pertinent and excellent speech upon the present aspects of the slavery question, and the crisis through which we are passing. His speech was very attentively listened to and well received. In the evening, under cover of the darkness, the rioters began their work, having been previously drilled and stimulated for the special purpose. Before our regular proceedings had commenced, a large organized body of drunken ruffians, led on by a few so called "respectable gentlemen," marched to the Hall, violently pushing aside Miss Anthony, who stood in the entrance way to receive the admission fee, and at once they began their demonstrations by taking possession of the platform, and making the room hideous with their yells and drunken revellings. It being evident that we could get no hearing, we quietly withdrew from the hall, and returned to the hotel. Disappointed in their plans, the mob presently tracked us to the hotel, and at one time more than a hundred of the rioters were within the house, while many more were outside, creating not a little consternation and indignation on the part of the managers and guests of the hotel. It is well for very respectable and conservative people to understand that the mobs, which just now find it safe and comparatively easy to break up our meetings, are not "respecters of persons or places," and, once called into being, *may* prove troublesome to the very parties by whom they were originally instigated. The authorities of the town are understood to have secretly connived at the doings of the mob. We determined to make no farther efforts for a hearing in the place, leaving with the people the responsibility and the *credit* of the riotous proceedings which they silently acquiesced in or openly encouraged. Poor dupes that they are, they are "building better than they know," and, as the results will undoubtedly prove, they will help more than hinder us. What experiences remain to us in the balance of this campaign it is hard to conjecture, but I imagine from all that comes to us that our difficulties will be no less—possibly considerably increased. A. M. P.

P.S. Since my last letter to you, and prior to the commencement of the City Conventions at Buffalo, we attended a series of very good and encouraging meetings at Herkimer, and Brockett's Bridge in Herkimer County, and at Johnstown in Fulton County. I cannot do more than mention the fact, without giving you any particulars. A. M. P.

THE RIGHT WORD AT THE RIGHT MOMENT.

IN *The Tribune* of Monday we find a letter from Horace Greeley to John L. O'Sullivan, the Free Soil renegade, from which we copy as follows:

"Others may compromise who will; I can only compromise to save territory from slavery—never to yield any to that curse. I am ready to make sacrifices, endure burdens or confront perils to redeem or to preserve territory to free labor—never when the effect is to surrender even one square mile to be blasted with the sweat of unrecompensed toil. To me, any concession of free soil to slavery is crime—flagrant, cowardly, inexcusable, atrocious crime—such as I dare not commit to save a dozen Unions. Believing most profoundly in God, and that he is a God who loves justice and hates oppression, I cannot imagine how any but an Atheist can counsel connivance at slavery extension under the hallucination that prosperity, or any other material good, is thus to be secured. If it be true that God governs States as well as persons, and that 'RIGHTEOUSNESS exalteth a nation,' then I say that it is not possible for the free States to damage themselves by ever so determined and unflinching a resistance to slavery extension, *provided slavery is wrong*. The whole controversy, to my mind, is summed up in the answers to just these two questions: 'Is the universe ruled by a God of omnipotent justice?' and 'Is slavery wrong?' When these two questions are answered, as I answer them, in the affirmative, there is no more to be said. If you concur with South Carolina in holding slavery essentially, radically right, or with Atheism in holding the universe to be a body without a soul, then it is idle for us to discuss our more immediate grounds of difference, until we settle those which are fundamental.

"You ask us Republicans to assent to and concur in establishing a policy condemned alike by our own consciences and the unanimous judgment of the wise and good throughout the world. We will never do it! You may cajole a few leading politicians to their own ruin, as has been done in memorable instances already; but the masses will not be frightened and cannot be bought. As for me, sharing their convictions, baptized into their spirit, owing nothing to the oracles of wealth, of trade, or of power, but everything to the toiling millions who, defying panic, and pressure, and threats of disunion, unfalteringly uphold the standard of free labor and free soil, I pray God to keep me faithful to the end!

"Yours, HORACE GREELEY."

This is genuine abolitionism—the very doctrine taught by Garrison and his associates for the last thirty years. "The head and front of their offending hath this extent, no more"; only *they* have applied the doctrine not alone in resistance to *new* compromises, but in repudiation of those made by the fathers and incorporated in the Constitution.

We are grateful to Mr. Greeley for his firmness at this trying hour, and for making *The Tribune* a terror to those who would barter the rights and the happiness of a race for office and pelf. That paper sometimes does great injustice, we think, to Abolitionists; but this shall not deter us from acknowledging with gratitude the service it is now doing to the cause of freedom by its appeals to Northern Manhood in opposition to further compromises with the Slave Power.

WANT OF ROOM.—The pressure of matter upon our space at this time is without precedent in the history of this journal. Communications which, in ordinary times, would be most welcome, we are compelled to set aside; and many topics of great interest we must pass in silence, because we have not room even to mention them, still less to treat them according to their merits. The great events of the period follow each other in such rapid succession, that a daily paper would scarce suffice even to record them. The task of selecting from the mass of important matter before us—of deciding what shall and what shall not be printed—is one of much perplexity; but it is our constant study to mediate wisely between the demands of the cause and the tastes and wishes of our readers.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU....XLV.

DECEMBER 31st, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: It is with a very strong and a very peculiar feeling that I wish you and your coadjutors in the great cause of our time a happy new year! The opening must be the happiest you have ever known, in respect of the great advance your country has made towards clearing herself of the guilt and shame of participation in slaveholding institutions. But there is so much yet to be done, and so much to be feared, that the aspect of the coming year must be very doubtful. I am rather glad to see (the facts being what they are) how strong the distrust is here of the virtue of the North. "Will the Northern men concede?" is asked. "Will the Northern men listen to any compromise?" "Will the free States give up anything?" The anxiety is great, because we have (unavoidably) so low an opinion of the Congressmen and their constituents, who have borne with so much evil for so long. Otherwise, it would be wonderful to us that there should be any difficulty as to what to do, and any anxiety as to what to expect—so utterly helpless do the slave States appear in the presence of partners or antagonists who would simply stand up for the right. We have some experience of the sort of people who are behaving there like spoiled children. Our West India class of the last generation blustered somewhat less, perhaps, and whined somewhat more; but the other features are just the same; the astonishment at not having their own way to the end of the world—the unhesitating assumption that everybody is to give way to them—the contempt for all opponents—the pity mixed with envy with which they regard everybody else's lot, while bitterly complaining of their own—and the senselessness with which they reject all rational means of retrieving themselves, while proposing schemes so mad as to look like mere burlesque to common men. Our spoiled children, however, have, for the most part, died off, or left the West Indies, or committed their property there to their sons; and even West India planters are becoming sensible men. No one of them desires slavery back again; and many are employing modern methods of tillage, and admitting that more produce is raised, even of sugar, than in the proudest days of their fathers. Thus, we may hope that those regions of your country which seem now to be a sort of hell of fierce passions may have gone through the worst, and be rising into true civilization, in the course of another generation or two. To us it seems impossible that slavery can long survive any clear repudiation of it as a national institution; and we should suppose the only question to be whether the emancipation shall be granted or seized; but there is no reasoning from ordinary data where slaveholders are concerned. The good feature, so far, is that nobody seems disposed to fight. If fighting can be avoided, it seems impossible that some agreement should not be arrived at, provided the North stands firm. Peace, liberty to white and black, genuine democratic government, a return to self-respect at home and honor abroad—all these seem to depend now on the firmness of the North in refusing all compromise in regard to the great object of the conflict. The childish folly that has to be dealt with is evident to Europe from the glibness with which South Carolina people talk of requiring England to drop her opposition to the slave trade, as a condition of trade with Charleston! If we are ever asked, we shall say "No"—perfectly secure that no cotton can be withheld in consequence, but, I trust, prepared to get cotton elsewhere, in case of any difficulty. (Our cotton-growing movement prospers.) If every Northern State would be as cool and firm as Lord John Russell will be if asked to leave off our cruising on the African coast, it seems impossible that the South should not give in—trying, no doubt, to keep up its peculiar institutions for a time, but finding it necessary to follow at last the example of all countries that have emancipated. The doubts about the victorious party which I hear of on all sides arise, at the moment, chiefly from the tone of Mr. Seward's recent speeches. There is something so shocking—so wholly discouraging—in the fact that a leader of the Republican party is talking as viciously as any slaveholding braggart about territorial aggrandisement, that it is not wonderful if some of our journals are inquiring whether there would be much gained by exchanging Southern for Northern filibusters. If your Northern population is wise enough to see that to improve the dominion you have is the way to grow *great* in all senses of the word, it is a crime to try, as Mr. Seward does, to create that lust for more territory which is a barbarism, and leads to barbarism; and if your Northern population is already prone to that cupidity, it is a crime in a public man to pander to the vice. Either way, it cools the expectations and retards the sympathy of our people, that the man who was near being President, and who is, as we are told, to be Mr. Lincoln's Foreign Secretary, expects to please his hearers by proposing an annexation of Canada, or of any part of it. Canada has no mind to change her condition at present; and when she does, it will be for independence. We have no personal feeling about it, and are simply sorry that the popular vanity and barbarism, which must render all advance in civilization impossible, should be fostered by political leaders. The most striking circumstance of all, perhaps, in European eyes, is the imbecility of the President. I do not speak for myself, for it is just what I expected; but to those who used to hear his talk here, and who accepted the boasts of his early messages, his helplessness in this last stage of his career is a strange spectacle.

Speaking of what Mr. Buchanan professed to be in London reminds me that Americans now here are complaining that the English have heard only one side of the question, and are quite unaware what the slaveholders have to say for themselves. To this some of my countrymen have replied, "That is true." Nothing can be further from the truth. For thirty or more years past, all American ambassadors, and all their attachés, have been pro slavery men; and the latter have made themselves not a little busy in advocacy of Southern views. The slaveholders have a regular association in London, with an organ, "The London Cottonplant" (of which, however, I have heard nothing for some time). There are more newspapers in the interest of the South, by far, than on the right side, or even neutrals. We have the newspapers of Washington, New Orleans, Mobile, Savannah, and Charleston; and the Northern newspapers—those from New York, Philadelphia and Boston—are far from being, on the whole, anti-slavery journals. These are, I suppose, the influences which lead *The Times*, and some other journals which should know better, into the absurd mistakes they make. As *The Times* now pronounces South Carolina wrong, slavery a bad thing, and cotton an article which we may as well grow for ourselves, more or less, we may suppose that your crisis looks portentous here, and that *The Times* itself has a strong suspicion where the victory will rest.

The Russian question is very interesting, side by side with the American. I wish it were as hopeful. Before me lie two documents which disclose a great deal. One is the sentence pronounced against Prince Dolgoroukow in punishment for his book. Civil death, and confiscation of his property are decreed against him. He and his property are safe enough—he in France, and his property in the funds of this and other countries; but the procedure shows what treatment is awarded to any friend of the serfs, and reformer of abuses. The other document is a notice issued by Herzen and a coadjutor, that a body of Russian police is now in London, endeavoring to detect the writers and transmitters of the liberal newspapers and books which penetrate Russia, in spite of the measures taken to keep them out. Meantime, the serf emancipation is always to take place in the next season—next autumn, next winter, and the like; but not only has it not yet taken place, but no one of the indispensable preparatory or instrumental reforms has yet been set about. *Some* reforms really are begun, I believe; but not those which relate to the civil administration. The bureaucracy take good care of that; and the Emperor has thus far yielded to them in every instance, as to the Moscow nobles.

I have little space to-day for European affairs. Our English year ends with the Park and Tower guns firing for peace with China. Though there has been little bloodshed, and the retribution on Chinese (or rather Tartar) bad faith is complete, nobody seems to have much satisfaction in the result. The sympathies and conscience of the nation never were on the side of the policy which, adopted long years ago, must be carried out, to save worse evils to the Chinese people themselves. We had better have avoided the conflict, and have waited till trade opened of itself; but having obtained a treaty which opened trade, it was necessary to compel its observance. Lord Elgin had nothing to do with the adoption of the policy; he was in Canada at the time; and he should be regarded now as having discharged, in the best way, a service which he did not help to create. The grand discovery made by this expedition is, that the Chinese empire is in a state of advanced decay, such as was quite unsuspected before. The wealth, splendor, and plenty of the capital and the surrounding provinces are found to have wasted away into poverty, decay, dirt and hunger; and there is no native power visible by which the state of the empire can be retrieved. Let us hope that commerce with our respective countries—for which the people are abundantly eager—may help them up in the world again. As for ourselves, the cruel fate of a few individual English and Frenchmen, who fell into the hands of the Tartar officials, dwells on our minds too painfully to allow of any exhilaration at the successful close of the war. All Europe is kept waiting in a perilous suspense for the French Emperor's withdrawal of his intervention in favor of the Italian despots—the King of Naples and the Pope. It is wholly indefensible and perfidious—that intervention, and, beyond measure, mischievous. All the world is on tiptoe to learn what he will say to-morrow—this particular juggling priest choosing to give out an oracle each new year's day. We shall soon know. Once more, a happy new year! H. M.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21, 1861.

THE various compromise projects now before Congress may be briefly described as follows: first, the Crittenden proposition as amended by Douglas. It contains many propositions, and the Douglas amendment is simply a blow at free negroes in the free States. The most important of all is the Territorial provision, which reads as follows:

"In all the territory of the United States now held or hereafter acquired, situated north of latitude 36 deg. and 30 min., slavery or involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, is prohibited while such territory shall remain under Territorial government. In all the territory south of said line latitude, *now held or to be hereafter acquired*, slavery of the African race is hereby recognized as existing, and shall not be interfered with by Congress, but shall be protected as property by all the departments of the Territorial government during its continuance; and when any Territory, north or south of said line, within such boundaries as Congress may prescribe, shall contain the population requisite for a member of Congress, according to the then Federal ratio of representation of the people of the United States, it shall, if its form of government be Republican, be admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States, with or without slavery, as the Constitution of such new State may provide."

The words in italics were carried into the original proposition by an amendment offered by Powell of Kentucky. They do not change the character of the provision in the least, as the moment territory is acquired south of the line 36 deg. 30 min. this constitutional amendment would apply to it. Mr. Crittenden now proposes to carry his resolutions to the people by a majority vote of both branches of Congress, perceiving that he cannot get a constitutional vote of two-thirds. The plan is to enact a law, submitting the resolutions to a popular vote in all the States. This, of course, does not amend the Constitution, but the calculation is, that two-thirds of the States will agree to them; and when they have done so, Congress will not hesitate to give to them the constitutional majority. In short, it is an unconstitutional way to amend the Constitution. There need be no fears that this compromise can get through the present Congress. So many Southern Representatives have left the House that it cannot receive a majority of that body. The action of the Senate upon the subject, since my last letter, is not important. The subjoined resolutions submitted by Senator Clark were passed as an amendment to the Crittenden resolutions:

Resolved, That the provisions of the Constitution are ample for the preservation of the Union, and the protection of all the material interests of the country; that it needs to be obeyed rather than amended; and that an extrication from our present dangers is to be looked for in strenuous efforts to preserve the peace, protect the public property and enforce the laws, rather than in new guaranties for particular interests, compromises for particular difficulties, or concessions to unreasonable demands.

Resolved, That all attempts to dissolve the present Union, or overthrow or abandon the present Constitution, with the hope or expectation of constructing a new one, are dangerous, illusory, and destructive; that in the opinion of the Senate of the United States no such reconstruction is practicable, and therefore to the maintenance of the existing Union and Constitution should be directed all the energies of all the departments of the government, and the efforts of all good citizens.

In the Senate the Compromisers still have a majority, and the Clark amendment was only passed by the *intentional* absence of two or three disunion Senators. Cameron, of Pa., at the solicitation of Mr. Crittenden, moved a reconsideration, and, by the votes of the absent Senators, Clark's amendment was rejected. The whole thing, on both sides, was a political trick. The disunion Senators wanted the Crittenden proposition defeated *at once*, to fan the secession fires in the border slave States, and the Republicans seeing that this would be the effect, were willing to deceive the border States a little longer to give time for the secession excitement to wear itself out. The Crittenden compromise *cannot pass Congress*.

Then comes the Corwin string of propositions: the modification of the Fugitive Slave law, the admission of New Mexico as a State, with or without slavery, an amendment to the Constitution forever prohibiting Congress from interfering with slavery in the States, and two or three other provisions. What chance has *this* compromise of passing? *Not the slightest in the world.* It cannot command a majority of the House, for but two Southern members—Winter Davis and Bristow of Kentucky—will vote for it. All the other Southern members are against it, the most of the Northern Democrats will take the same ground, declaring that the propositions are not favorable enough to the South. A majority of the Republican members will also vote against them, because they are opposed to any compromise with slavery.

As for the other plans—for there are a dozen more—to save the Union, I will not mention them, for they have no supporters beside the men who drew them up.

Unless I am terribly mistaken, there is not the ghost of a chance for the passage of a compromise through Congress this winter. I have canvassed members thoroughly, and, unless leading Republicans and leading Southern Democrats lie and deceive, no compromise can possibly pass. There has been a prodigious change within a fortnight in Congress, and Seward's speech has not paved the way for a compromise in either House. If I am right, you are too despondent, for you cannot ask more of any Congress ever elected, than to stand up straight in the midst of such a revolution as now terrifies the country. I know of Republican members who have received scores of letters from some of the wealthiest and most influential of their constituents, and they were *Republican* constituents too, beseeching them to go for some compromise, and thereby save the Union; and the reply went back, "I will resign if you demand it, but I will *never* vote for another compromise with slavery." Such men deserve the highest praise that can be heaped upon a legislator.

The danger of the free States is not so much from treachery in Congress as it is from panic by-and-by among the people. The managers of the secession movement are now after a *reconstruction of the government*. Jeff. Davis, Hunter, Breckinridge and Douglas are secretly agreed upon the idea of demolishing the present Confederacy and building a new one upon its ruins.

The plan is, for every slave State to be dragged out of the Union. Then, when it shall seem to the free States that the separation is complete, and when, as these gentlemen hope and believe, a panic seizes upon the people of the free States, when the severed tendons and ligaments fly back into the faces of our business men, *then*, and not till then, will the slave States step forward with their offer of a reconstruction of the Union upon the basis of a pro-slavery Constitution. *Then*, too, in my opinion, the free States will be in the greatest danger of succumbing to the monster of slavery. I don't believe they will yield, but, depend upon it, that the work of anti-slavery men is to prepare the people of the free States for some such crisis as this. If the people will only keep cool and will stop long enough to comprehend the hideous character of the compromise submitted to them, there is no danger.

Every man in the free States who cares anything for freedom should go to work as he never worked before. Circulate anti-slavery newspapers, tracts and books. Keep one eye upon the people and the other upon Congress, though the danger is that *the people* will first give way. According to the present calculations of the Secessionists this crisis will arrive by the end of March or April next—but possibly not till midsummer or fall. Whenever it comes it should find the people of the free States prepared to meet it, and they will not be without agitation, light, lecture, sermon, newspaper and tract. I believe the present revolution will result in two Confederacies, but the North will retain a kind of territorial control over the whole. It does not seem possible to escape a bloody war. In some respects this is desirable, for all the reconstructionists, from Douglas to Hunter, admit that if blood is spilt there is no longer hope of reconstruction. The moment Lincoln comes into power, I believe South Carolina will attempt to take Fort Sumter. Then the battle begins, and it may be the cheapest way to erect a reconstructed Union upon a pro-slavery basis.

But I fear I have given you too much of speculation. These prognostications are founded upon many facts gathered here, and some of our shrewdest anti-slavery men here believe them to be correct.

Mr. Buchanan and Gov. Pickens seem to have agreed upon a suspension of hostilities for the present. Nothing has passed between them, but the South Carolinians have concluded to allow Anderson his mails and free access to the Charleston markets, and for the present the President will not send reinforcements. Likely enough, without a word said, or a line written, the parties are content to wait in their present condition till a new President is inaugurated.

The House has turned from business the past week to debate upon the great question now agitating the country. Able speeches have been made on both sides of the House and of the question. John Sherman made a speech on Friday which somewhat alarmed the Southern members. He is known to be a cautious, conservative man, yet he declared that war was inevitable unless the seceding States turn a sharp corner and give up the property of the United States. He also declared the purpose of the new Administration to be, to collect the revenues in Southern ports at all hazards. Even Daniel Sickles told his Southern allies that the North and West must and would retain the territorial control of this continent. After three or four days of debate the House passed the Army bill.

In the Senate the House bill for the admission of Kansas has been the bone of contention for two or three days, and it will doubtless pass to-day. If so, the President's signature will bring Kansas into the Union. This will give two more votes to the Republican side of the Senate, and will make their strength in the next Senate amount to thirty-one—out of sixty-eight. As ten or twelve seceding States Senators will be absent, it will not be difficult to confirm the Cabinet and other appointments of Mr. Lincoln. Nothing is yet certain as to his appointments, save that Seward and Bates have been offered places and have accepted. Everything else is open to conjecture.

Troops are coming slowly into Washington for its protection. Several hundred marines will be here, two or three companies of flying artillery, and a company of cavalry. These are all government troops, and, it is thought, will be able to protect the District from invasion. AVON.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, January 21, 1860.

YOUR strictures on Seward were severe, but just. Apologies, of course, can be made for him, but that is not the business of an anti-slavery paper styling itself THE STANDARD. That the distinguished Senator spoke against his will and under strong constraint of friends, is obvious; that the speech was rhetorically able, and, in its philosophic generalizations, just, will not be denied; that a conciliatory rather than a defiant tone, under the circumstances, was the dictate of wisdom, will hardly be a matter of question; that the speech did no visible damage, that it did not change the *statu quo* of the controversy, and that it was calculated to soothe the fretted passions of the border States, may, perhaps, be admitted without any contradiction of facts; but still it is open to all the criticism to which your searching leader of last week so ruthlessly subjects it.

It must be owned that the first feeling among many of the friends of freedom, on reading the speech, was one of pleasure. But it was a negative, not a positive pleasure. They were pleased, not with what it contained, but at what it had omitted. The bruit had been for days among those supposed to know, that Senator Seward had yielded to the pressure of his New York friends, and was going to lend his sanction to the Crittenden plan of compromise. The worst was feared. When we took up *The Bulletin* containing the speech, and read the editorial announcement that, if the concessions therein contained "should not prove satisfactory to the South, nothing would," our fears were confirmed. You may judge, then, that it was a pleasurable relief to find the concessions referred to so unsubstantial, and so little calculated, not to say designed, to appease the Southern fury. It was a cunning speech; it was diplomatic; it was Talleyrandish. A legal gentleman—the first in this city in point of ability and reputation—hit it off by relating, as illustrative of his views of its character, the following anecdote of Mr. Van Buren. The "Little Magician" had occasion to answer a letter from one of his constituents. Handing his reply to his secretary to be copied, he desired him first to read it and say what he thought of it. "I think it is very well written," said the secretary. "But what do you think of its opinions?" "Well, really, to confess the truth," he answered, "I can't make out what they are." "Ah, it will do, then," said the wily Martin, with complacency; "copy and send it."

Mr. Seward is luminous where no light is needed; on the points that require solution he is oracularly ambiguous. The speech will not add to the Senator's fame. It does not forbid the hope that in his new *role* of Secretary of State he may render valuable service to the cause of freedom, but it precludes any confident expectation in this regard. The hopes of the people are now turned to Mr. Lincoln, rather than to his intended Prime Minister, for an example of firmness. How will he bear the test? He does very well at Springfield: how will he stand the atmosphere of Washington?

Our new Governor, Andrew G. Curtin, has been inaugurated, and has delivered the address usual on such occasions. It is a fair document in general respects, and sound enough on the question of secession; but on the point at issue between Pennsylvania and the South he comes to a most "lame and impotent" conclusion. Here it is:

"I have already taken occasion to say publicly, and I now repeat, that if we have any laws upon our statute books which infringe upon the rights of the people of any of the States, or contravene any law of the Federal government, or obstruct its execution, they ought to be repealed. We ought not to hesitate to exhibit to other States that may have enacted laws interfering with the rights, or obstructive of the remedies which belong constitutionally to all American citizens, an example of magnanimity and of implicit obedience to the paramount law, and by a prompt repeal of every statute that may, *even by implication*, be liable to reasonable objection, do our part to remove every just cause of dissatisfaction with our legislation."

Mr. Curtin doubtless regards this as patriotic. Better judges hold it to be contemptibly superserviceable. The "statute" here referred to as calling for repeal, is understood to be the Anti-Kidnapping law of 1847, two sections of which are supposed to operate, by "implication," against the popularity and easy execution of the Fugitive Slave law. But there is an older act, and one that has been more potential in its influence against the slave system, that ought to receive the Governor's attention in his efforts to set "an example of magnanimity." It was passed on the 1st of March, 1780, and is entitled, "An Act for the gradual abolition of slavery." It embraces a preamble not essential to its statutory provisions, and involving "implications," clear and pointed, against every branch of the whole slave system. It regards slavery as at variance with reason, republicanism and religion, and has been, and is still, most effectively used by the Abolitionists in the promotion of their peculiar views. According to Governor Curtin's ideas of magnanimity, this act ought to be overhauled and these implications expunged.

It is fondly hoped, however, that the accommodating Governor's recommendation will not meet with the expected compliance. Thus far, the Legislature has made no move, and, as at present advised, means to make no move, toward the abrogation of any of these laws. They are not going to stultify themselves by the declaration that these laws are constitutional and essential to the security of our own citizens, and then, in the next breath, order them to be erased from the statute books.

A lively debate has taken place in our State Senate, on a series of resolutions introduced by Geo. R. Smith of this city, a member of the Republican party. These resolutions declare, in guarded and somewhat namby-pamby terms, that "States have not a right, at will, and without the consent of other States, to absolve themselves from their Federal obligations"; that it is the "duty of the government to adopt and carry into effect whatever measures may be necessary for the maintenance of its authority;" that "the faith and power of Pennsylvania are hereby pledged to the support of such measures, in any manner and to any extent that may be required of her by the Constitution and authorities of the United States"; and that "all plots, conspiracies and warlike demonstrations against the United States, in any section of the country, are treasonable in their character, and whatever power of this government is necessary for their suppression, should be applied to that purpose, without hesitation or delay."

Able speeches were made in favor of these resolutions by Messrs. Finney, Ketcham, Irish, McClure and Landon, and ingenious ones against them by Messrs. Welsh and Clymer. The intellectual, as well as the moral strength of the Senate was on the affirmative side. In the beginning of the debate, a disposition was shown by one or two of the feeble-kneed, who had come under the manipulations of our commercial men of Philadelphia, to attenuate and dilute the resolutions, but as the discussion went on, and as the galleries applauded most loudly the bravest sentiments, they stiffened up, and the series was finally passed by a full party vote of 26 to 6. McClure, the Chairman of the Republican State Committee, and Welsh, the Chairman of the Breckinridge State Committee, were pitted against each other—much, it is said, to the latter's discomfiture. Mr. Welsh defended the Fugitive Slave law, while Mr. McClure occupied the vantage ground of assault. Landon, of the Wilmot District, a new member, once a preacher, made an eloquent and telling anti-slavery speech. Irish, of Alleghany, satirized the weak-limbed of his party, who were offering diluting amendments, by an ironical resolution, declaring their purpose, to cover themselves with dirt to please the South, and failing in that, that they would fall back on their reserved rights and seek security under their beds, at the first tap of the slaveholder's drum. This was the argument of the "sharp stick;" a sort of *vis a tergo*, to which halting cattle in a drove never prove insensible.

The speech of Mr. Finney, Senator from Warren County, where the maxims of cotton politics are not known, was trenchant and effective. He is one of the readiest debaters in the Senate, and is known by the *soubriquet* of the "Little Threshing Machine." The way he uses his flail upon doughfaces is said to be a caution to people of that tribe to keep out of his way.

These same resolutions came up in the House last Monday, and excited there a still livelier interest, than was produced by their discussion in the Senate. The chief speaker was Thomas Williams of Alleghany, one of the most distinguished lawyers and ready orators of the State. Mr. Williams's reputation in this part of Pennsylvania has been somewhat damaged of late by the representations made of his spirit and principles, as manifested in what is known as the "Alleghany Bonds question." He opposed the issue in the beginning, and denied the validity afterwards, of certain bonds which were given by his County for purposes of internal improvement. He was stigmatized as a repudiator, and described as a factious foe to corporate faith and public honesty. His friends say that these representations do him injustice; that they are not warranted by anything in his private principles or public actions. That he is a fast friend of public virtue, and is for holding all bodies, collective and individual, to the strictest letter of their obligations. Into the merits of this question I will not enter; but it must be owned that if Mr. Williams's principles on the Bond question are in harmony with those avowed by him last Monday on other questions of public honor and duty, they will bear the test of a pretty rigid examination.

Mr. Williams's speech, on the occasion referred to, was one of masterly ability, and was listened to with rapturous applause, by a crowded audience, attracted by the fame of his oratory. Its effect in raising the tone and strengthening the hearts of the anti-slavery men in the Assembly, as well as in the community round about, was marked and immediate. Mr. Williams bore hard upon the mercantile politicians and huckstering patriots of Philadelphia, and in so doing, doubtless, he rendered the cause of truth useful service.

Robert Randall, of Curtis-mob memory, undertook to answer Mr. Williams, but it was the barking of a whiffet; the reply of a special pleader to a parliamentary orator; of a third-rate lawyer to a first-rate debater. Mr. Randall succeeded in raising a laugh by an *ad captandum* allusion to repudiation; but beyond this he said nothing to arrest attention or suggest the probability of a reply.

We have had another "Union meeting." It was held in National Hall last Wednesday evening. It was in the "secession" interest. It styled itself an "Anti-Coercion" meeting, and was got up exclusively by men of the Breckinridge party. It was very full and very disorderly, crowds of people not in sympathy going there to see the fun and bother the managers. It was organized by the appointment as chairman of Charles McAllester, a gentleman whose ambition has heretofore been limited to the Board of Brokers. Mr. McAllester made a speech, and Robert P. Kane, a son of the late Judge, read a series of resolutions. The meeting was then addressed successively by George M. Wharton, United States District Attorney, Charles Ingersoll, a hopeful scion of the notorious Charles J., William B. Reed, late Minister to China, and B. H. Brewster, whose legal services in the slave-catching line are fresh in every one's memory. Having thus described the *personnel* of the platform, I need add nothing as to the proceedings of the meeting. The speeches were like the speakers, and the resolutions of the type of the man that offered them. A Washington letter-writer says that the published account of the meeting there cheered the hearts of the secession leaders—as, of course, it would.

Our Pennsylvania delegation in Congress have thus far stood the fire pretty well: that they will endure to the end is by no means certain. The character of most of them takes its hue from the constituencies they represent. Strong districts are championed by strong men: weak ones have their proper exponents. A letter which lies before me, just received from a member of the House, speaking on this subject, says: "Hickman, Grow, Stevens, McKnight, Covode, etc., will go against any compromise;" (that means patriotism and Pennsylvania honor), "but Morris, Junkin, Hale, Millward, Wood, etc., will go for some kind of compromise" (that means merchandize and Pennsylvania iron). My correspondent adds: "It is not so likely that all the Southern States will secede as that we shall have some dirty compromise. If the true Republicans band together, they can prevent it."

Forney's paper has become very disgusting. Its clamors for compromise, and its continual laudations of that base creature, Douglas, are intolerable. Mr. Forney is to Douglas what Bennett is to Buchanan—his champion and eulogist in everything he does. The present influence of *The Press* is anything but wholesome.

Passmore Williamson's old suit against Judge Lewis for refusing the *habeas corpus*, came up on the 11th inst., before the Supreme Court, on a writ of error, and was argued by William M. Meredith and Peter McCall for plaintiff, and St. George Tucker Campbell and Henry M. Phillips for defendant. It is held under advisement. The penalty of refusing the writ is £300, old Pennsylvania currency. It is not certain that Mr. Williamson will succeed in getting a verdict, but if he should fail, it will not be for want of perseverance and zeal on his part. He and his father have prosecuted this suit, in one form or other, for the last five years, with an energy and determination that have known no flagging. They pursued Judge Kane till the grave closed over him, and now they are on the track of Ellis Lewis. It is the "principle involved" that they are contending for; and their rule of action is, to leave no stone unturned, and stop at no discouragement. If Passmore Williamson had gone to West Point instead of West Town School, and if the ambition of his father had run in the way of military titles and deeds of arms, instead of titles to real estate and deeds of trust, they would have made two of the best men Pennsylvania could have mustered in making up her quota to quell the secession rebellion. Thomas Williamson is a most excellent Quaker, as well as one of our most estimable citizens; but if he had *happened* to be born outside the peaceable pale, and to have been bred in the maxims of war, he certainly would have made a very formidable soldier. He expresses it as his belief that "Major Anderson should have shelled Charleston." M.

THE UNION THE SUPPORT OF SLAVERY.

THE New York *Times* mentions the fact that "ex-Governor Morehead of Kentucky has written a letter to some gentlemen in New Orleans, declaring it to be his settled conviction that the precipitate dissolution of the Union, by separate State secession, would be a severer blow to slavery than all the Abolitionists of the North could inflict in the next twenty years," and thereupon says:

"Gov. Morehead can go a good deal further than this, and be perfectly right. *The dissolution of the Union—whether effected by separate secession or by coöperation—inflicts a death blow upon slavery.* No future event is more certain than this. There are thousands and tens of thousands of reflecting men at the North who look with perfect complacency upon the disunion movement because they believe it to be the natural inevitable, Providential process whereby slavery is to be swept from the face of this Continent. They have no special desire that it should be so. If it depended upon them, they would do everything of which men are capable to avert the tempestuous and disastrous trial. . . . There is another point firmly fixed in the Northern mind, namely: *that the Constitution of the United States is the shield and bulwark of slavery.* It is only because that instrument forbids it that slavery is left untouched in the Southern States. If that be destroyed, there will be nothing to prevent raids upon the South except force. The maintenance of a Southern Confederacy against foreign invasion and domestic insurrection will require a standing army of at least 50,000 men. The expense of maintaining it will be more than those States can bear, and the style of government which it will involve will provoke incessant revolts and contain the seeds of its own destruction."

The Times says, truly, that the Garrison Abolitionists heartily rejoice at the prospect of disunion. If the Union is the chief support of slavery, and emancipation is sure to result from a disruption, why should they not rejoice in the prospect of that auspicious event? Why should not all the friends of freedom exult with them? Is not a government which, under the forms of freedom, fosters slavery, worthy of execration by all mankind and sure to provoke the retributive justice of God?

BACKBONE IN WASHIGTON.—The compromisers in Washington in the Republican party are working desperately, and with too much prospect of ultimate success; but they encounter a powerful resistance. It is stated that a canvass of the Republican side of the House was taken on Tuesday, and that "eighty-two members expressed their determined opposition to all compromises under menace, as tending to demoralize the government and establish the Mexican rule, in the United States, of rebellion, against the will of the majority, legally expressed. They pronounced, under present circumstances at least, against amendments to the Constitution, or the establishment of more slave territory, or the unsolicited admission of slave States. In this expression the eighty-two were unanimous. About a dozen Republicans, from various States, declined to state at present how far they would go." "Under present circumstances at least!" Why this qualification? Does it mean that they expect a change of circumstances to prepare the way for a compromise?

A RIGHTEOUS REBUKE.—It is rumored that the Rev. William Adams, D.D., pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian (New School) Church in this city, while in London, not long since, received a most impressive rebuke on account of his unfriendliness to the anti-slavery movement. A distinguished pastor in London, it is said, after inviting Dr. Adams to preach for him, withdrew the invitation, with the remark that he could not admit to his pulpit a clergyman from America who was not an open and earnest opponent of slavery in his own country. We hope the day may come when no preacher from the United States, unless he be an Abolitionist, can gain admittance to a British pulpit.

OBITUARY.

THE REV. CHARLES LOWELL, D.D., who has been since 1806 the pastor of the West Congregational Church in Boston, died in Cambridge, on Sunday morning last. He was the son of Judge John Lowell, to whom Massachusetts is indebted for the clause in her Constitution which abolished slavery, and was born in Boston, August 15, 1782. He graduated at Harvard College in 1800, studied afterward at Edinburgh University, and travelled extensively in the Old World. In 1855 he published two volumes of Sermons. He was remarkable for kindness, integrity, directness and simplicity of character, and was a most zealous and consistent opponent of slavery. Among his surviving children are Prof. Lowell, the poet, the Rev. Robert Lowell, author of "The New Priest in Conception Bay," a novel of Newfoundland life, and Mrs. Putnam, the well-known writer on Hungarian history.

Died, on the 27th of December, in the 40th year of her age, FANNIE J. SCHOFIELD, wife of Jonathan T. Schofield, of Bucks County, Pa.

To say that Mrs. Schofield was a good Abolitionist, sincere from the beginning and true to the end, though really high praise, would, to most minds, convey an inadequate idea of her worth. Her hostility to slavery was only one of the manifestations of her character. She hated everything that was wrong, and loved goodness for its own sake. She was gentle and genial; faithful and true. As a wife and a mother, she was an example; and in all the domestic and social relations of life, the circle in which she moved knew no superior.

She is dead; but only to the outward sense. Her image is daguerreotyped on the memory of her friends, and to their spiritual apprehension she is still present. Her face beams with the same radiance, and her voice, though silent in death, "yet speaketh." Its language is: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; think on these things." M.

DIED.

MARSHALL.—Departed this life on Monday, Jan. 21, Elizabeth, relict of the late Joseph Marshall, in the 81st year of her age.

Calmly beautiful was her death, leaving with us the comforting assurance that hers was the blessed hope of a bright immortality beyond the grave. Her remains were interred in Cypress Hills Cemetery.

Special Notices.

NO COMPROMISE WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.—Conventions, in the State of NEW YORK, to be addressed by Rev. BERIAH GREEN, ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, REV. S. J. MAY, AARON M. POWELL, SUSAN B. ANTHONY and others, will be held as follows:

PORT BYRON, Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 26th and 27th.
SYRACUSE, Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 29th and 30th.
AUBURN, Thursday and Friday, January 31st, and Feb. 1.
PETERBORO, Saturday and Sunday, February 2d and 3d.

The sessions of the Conventions will be held afternoons and evenings at 2 and 7 o'clock. Afternoon sessions free. Evening sessions, 10 cents.

☞ Let there be a grand rallying of the people. The friends in the several places will give free entertainment to those in attendance from the country.

NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION.—The Fourth Annual New York State Anti-Slavery Convention will be held at Albany, in Association Hall, Monday evening, Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons and evenings, Feb. 4th, 5th and 6th. Hon. GERRIT SMITH, LUCRETIA MOTT, Rev. BERIAH GREEN, ERNESTINE L. ROSE, ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, Rev. S. J. MAY, AARON M. POWELL, SUSAN B. ANTHONY and others will address the Convention. Afternoon sessions will commence at 2½ o'clock. Admission free. Evening sessions at 7½ o'clock. Admission 10 cents.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—The Second Annual New York State Woman's Rights Convention will be held at ALBANY, in ASSOCIATION HALL, Thursday and Friday, afternoons and evenings, February 7th and 8th. LUCRETIA MOTT, ERNESTINE L. ROSE, ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, Hon. GERRIT SMITH, Rev. BERIAH GREEN, Rev. S. J. MAY, AARON M. POWELL, SUSAN B. ANTHONY and others will address the Convention.

Afternoon sessions at 2½ o'clock. Admission free. Evening sessions at 7½ o'clock. Admission 10 cents.

JUNIOR ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—A meeting of the Philadelphia Junior Anti-Slavery Society will be held at Clarkson Hall, on Saturday evening, January 26th, at 7½ o'clock. J. M. McKim, Lucretia Mott, Mary Grew, and others will address the meeting.

WM. W. JUSTICE, Chairman Ex. Com.

PORTRAIT OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.—A most faithful and spirited portrait of Mr. Phillips has just been finished by Thomas M. Johnston. It is pronounced by the most intimate friends of Mr. P. the very best picture which has ever been made of him, and in every respect a complete success. This fine picture is to be drawn on stone by the best lithographer in the United States, when copies will be furnished to subscribers at One Dollar each. Address, C. H. BRAINARD, 322 Washington street, Boston.

GERRIT SMITH: RELIGION OF REASON. No. 4. THE ONE TEST OF CHARACTER. "Wherefore by their Fruits ye shall know them." Now Ready. Price Five Cents. For sale by ROSS & TOUSEY, 121 Nassau Street, New York.

Miscellaneous Department.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

The star-spangled banner that blows broad and brave,
O'er the home of the free, o'er the hut of the slave—
Whose stars in the face of no foe e'er waxed pale,
And whose stripes are for those that the stars dare assail—

Whose folds every year broad and broader have grown,
Till they shadow both arctic and tropical zone,
From the Sierra Nevada to Florida's shore,
And, like "Oliver Twist," are still asking for more—

That banner whose infantine bunting can boast
To have witnessed the Union's great charter engrossed;
Which at Boston saw freedom's stout struggle begun,
And from Washington welcomed its victory won—

For our fathers in rebel defiance it spread,
But to us it waves brotherly greeting instead;
And Concord and Peace, not Bellona and Mars,
Now support England's Jack and the States' Stripes and Stars.

Can it be there are parricide hands that would tear
This star-spangled banner, so broad and so fair?
And if there be hands would such sacrilege try,
Is the bunting too weak the attempt to defy?

Alas! while its woof Freedom wove in her loom,
She paused in her work, and the Fiend took her room,
And seizing the shuttle that Freedom had left,
Threw Slavery's warp across Liberty's weft.

How the Fiend laughed and leaped, as the swift shuttle flew,
With its blood-rotted threads, the fair weft running through,
"Now cut out your web—it is broad, it is long—
Twixt Fiend's work and Freedom's let's hope it is strong!"

And now that the blood-rotted warp is worn bare,
The flag it is fraying, the flag it may tear;
For the Fiend cheers on those who to rend it essay,
And the work he's had hand in is apt to give way.

Now, Heaven guide the issue! May Freedom's white hands
Ere too late, from the flag pluck these blood-rotted strands;
And to battle and breeze fling the banner in proof
That 'tis all her own fabric, in warp as in woof.

If this may not be, if the moment be nigh
When this banner unrent shall no more flout the sky,
To make fitting division of beams and of bars,
Let the South have the Stripes and the North have the Stars.
—*Punch.*

*THE MOUNT VERNON PAPERS.**

The system of starring has answered very badly on the stage, and it is not likely to answer much better in literature. Pecuniarily, the manager and actor, the publisher and author, may find their account in it, but it tends to make acting and writing bad. A conspicuous instance is afforded by the volume called the *Mount Vernon Papers*. It consists of a collection of essays by Mr. Everett, the American statesman, which were originally published in a weekly newspaper called *The New York Ledger*, under the following circumstances. Mr. Everett was much interested in carrying out the arrangements for the purchase of Washington's estate of Mount Vernon to be an heirloom of the nation, and started a public subscription for the purpose. The proprietor of *The New York Ledger* thought he saw a great opportunity for advertising his paper. He accordingly offered to contribute ten thousand dollars to the Mount Vernon Fund if Mr. Everett would write one article a week for a year in *The Ledger*. This was at the rate of about forty pounds an article, and was a tempting offer to a man enthusiastic for the success of a patriotic scheme. Mr. Everett states that he would certainly not have accepted the proposal if the proceeds had flowed into his own pocket. But his patriotism forbade him to reject so easy a method of increasing the amount of his beloved Mount Vernon Fund. No bargain was made as to the quality or subject of the articles, and so long as *The Ledger* gained notoriety and the Mount Vernon Fund flourished, neither party seems to have considered that it made any difference whether the articles were good or bad. The consequence is, that they are very poor, meagre dissertations on any subject that Mr. Everett could think of and write on without trouble. A large portion of them consists of insipid recollections of tours taken by Mr. Everett in Europe, and are about the sort of thing that a young lady travelling in Switzerland might write if she sent abridgments of *Murray's Handbook* home to a female friend. When the subject is tolerably good, the treatment is so inadequate that even the proprietor of *The New York Ledger* must have seen the value at which his crack contributor estimated that periodical. The late Mr. Hallam, for instance, furnishes the topic of one of these essays; and the substance of what Mr. Everett has to say is, that the *Constitutional History* strikes him as being a sound and useful publication. There is not the faintest attempt to criticise. That would have taken time and thought, and Mr. Everett was not selling time and thought, but only his name. Another essay is devoted to an account of a journey which Mr. Everett once made, and tells how he tried to go to sleep, and how the conversation of two fellow travellers prevented him, until at last one of them got out at a station on the way, and then Mr. Everett was very glad to get off to sleep. That is the sort of stuff which one of the very few Americans who have earned a European reputation sells to an ambitious periodical for forty pounds. As many essays as possible, are, of course, devoted to Washington, and some of the very smallest facts ever recorded of a great man's career are brought out with great pomp from Washington's diary. Mr. Everett even describes seven separate occasions on which, as he tells us, if Providence had not interfered, Washington would not have been what he was, or done what he performed. For example, Washington once had the small pox, and Mr. Everett assures us that if the great general had died in early life of the disease, he would not have lived to be famous. It is difficult to see how an eminent writer can go below this.

We can quite believe that if Mr. Everett had been asked to accept forty pounds on condition that he recorded in print how he once took longer to go to sleep in a railway carriage than he expected, he would have rejected the offer with disdain. But he seems to think that because, when he gets the money, he gives it away, he is doing a very proper thing. We do not see that the destination of the money makes any difference. What should we think of a similar transaction in England? If Sir George Cornewall Lewis undertook to write the silliest autobiography he could frame, and publish it in *The Family Herald*, should we excuse him because he offered to give the money he received to the fund for Lord Macauly's statue? An eminent statesman owes the duty of self-respect not only to himself, but to his country; and no one who can do better is justified in writing such very poor productions as the *Mount Vernon Papers*. It is a common but a lamentable opinion to suppose that it is virtuous to do anything, however foolish, in the cause of charity, and the main reason of this opinion being held is, that people get absorbed in a favorite charitable or patriotic scheme so as to forget everything else. The success of that scheme seems the only one thing on earth that is really important. It is a very good thing that the house in which Washington lived should become the property of the American nation; but it is quite as important that Americans of eminence and reputation should not lower the standard of writing in their country. What can be worse than that a man whom his countrymen regard with general respect should contract to go on writing for a year, although he knows that he has nothing to say? This is what Mr. Everett has done. There are things in his book that we might commend. There is a good tone running through it—a wish to render homage to true excellence, and a constant protest against the ordinary virulence of American writing. But a good tone, and a love of justice and moderation, do not in the least make up for the author having nothing to say. It is evident that Mr. Everett would not have written any single page in his book if he could have helped it. He only draws out his reminiscences of sleepless journeys because he is under contract to write something; and then he flatters himself that it does not matter what he writes, if he is not going to spend on himself the money which his writing brings in. The gain to the Mount Vernon Fund fades into insignificance when we think how it has been purchased; and the Americans must be a very poor spirited set of people if they would not have paid enough money to buy their liberator's house without calling on Mr. Everett to sell his reputation in this way.

There are also other evils attending on such a bargain as Mr. Everett made. People who lend their names to increase the sale of ambitious periodicals are apt to do rather more puffing than they would quite approve of if their choice was free. Mr. Everett may possibly have felt that the real object he had engaged to effect was to puff the paper that bought him at so handsome a figure. Perhaps the proprietor may have represented that the articles were not quite so liberal in indirect puffing as he had hoped, and therefore urged a claim to have an allowance of direct puffing thrown in. At any rate we find that there is a fifty-third "Paper" added by way of bonus, and that the subject of this article is the *New York Ledger* itself. There is no mistake about the puff when it assumes such a very simple form, and Mr. Everett can never accuse himself of having shirked his engagement to advertise his paymaster. He goes into the fullest particulars, and piles up statistics of every kind to show what an enormously important and successful journal the *Ledger* is. We read in the prospectus of the article such headings as these—"Distribution of the Paper"—"Eighty thousand by mail"—"*Ledger* day described"—"Immense amount of printing annually done in the *Ledger* Office"; and when we examine the details which are introduced to give substance to these imposing topics, we find the most animated description of all that happens when the periodical is published, and of all the contrivances by which its publication is arranged in the most cheap and convenient way. "Hundreds of thousands of *Ledgers* are seen moving off on the shoulders of porters, and in the hands of news-boys, in drays and carts, in every direction, but twenty minutes is enough for the work, and by that time the throng is dispersed, and the ubiquitous journal is on its way to the remotest corners of the land." Perhaps if a very, very good object of charity or patriotism were held out to him as a bait, Mr. Everett might be secured by Messrs. Moses and Son. There is every reason to suppose that he would be admirable in the "evening waistcoat" department of panegyric.

If we could find anything to praise or speak of as interesting in this volume we should be very glad to do so; but even when Mr. Everett had some little opportunity of reflecting on the subject of which he writes, and must have had access to some valuable information, he only raises our interest to disappoint it. It is not that what he says is bad or wrong, but it is so slipshod and meagre. He considers evidently that accuracy and clearness of thought would be wasted on the readers of the "ubiquitous journal." It happened, for example, that a friend wrote to ask him to devote a paper or two to the commercial crisis of 1857. This is a subject on which the opinion of an American statesman might be worth having. Mr. Everett turned the subject over in his mind, and he exerted himself so far as to arrive at the conclusion that the cause of the crisis was debt, and that the Americans got into difficulties because they lived and traded much beyond their means. He even proceeded to make an estimate of the amount to which they habitually use credit, and he calculates that, on an average, every man in the States owes three hundred dollars on his "private expenditure" account. At first sight this appears to be a very curious and suggestive fact, and promises to illustrate strongly the position of the great body of the Americans. But, when we come to examine it, we find that it tells us very little. There must be a very large portion of the community who are not in debt at all, because either no one would trust them, or because they are too rich to require credit; and all these persons are excluded from the calculation. Then what is meant by being in debt? If a man has an income of three thousand dollars a year, and if he at any moment owes three hundred, is he to be said to be living on credit to the extent of three hundred dollars beyond his income? The most prudent and careful man may legitimately owe the tenth of his income at any one moment, for he knows that such a sum does nothing more than represent the arrangements for payment which are most convenient to all parties. Credit sometimes means obtaining things which you cannot pay for, and sometimes it means obtaining things the payment of which is deferred for the convenience of the seller quite as much as that of the buyer. Mr. Everett's general average mixes up the two kinds of credit, and we get from it little more than an opinion from one who knows the country, that expenditure generally is too large in proportion to the resources of the people. And how are we to know that Mr. Everett's guess is a good one? Why should we suppose that three hundred dollars is really about the sum which the average of the Americans owe? When Mr. Everett subsequently treats of trading on an insufficient business capital, he asserts that the Americans use credit to the amount of ten, or perhaps five, times the whole of their available capital. It does not appear to have struck him that it makes all the difference whether ten or five is the right figure. A country the traders of which traded on a fictitious capital ten times larger than their real capital would be in a totally different position from one where the fictitious capital traded on was only five times the amount of the real. But Mr. Everett thinks that any biggish figure will do for the *Ledger*, and that the exact amount is unimportant. No information worth having can be got out of statements like these. Mr. Everett is better than this when he is treating a less serious subject; and every now and then he tells us of something he has seen in former years which in an idle moment we might care to read. Perhaps the pleasantest articles in the volume are two in which he describes a visit which he once paid to Sir Walter Scott. Although they add nothing to what the readers of Lockhart know already, they serve to make us remember what we know, and are full of a generous enthusiasm for the author of the Waverley Novels, and of admiration for the honest and friendly family circle into which it was his privilege when he was a young man to be admitted at Abbotsford.—*London Saturday Review.*

* The Mount Vernon Papers. By Edward Everett. London: Sampson Low, Son and Co. 1860.

A SUCCESSFUL LIFE.

I bid my thought wander at pleasure,
Go back through the vista of years;
And look on the sunshine and shadows—
The smiles and the groans and the tears.

I ask for the home of my childhood,
And the spirit of childhood returns:
Not the joy and the gladness of others—
My heart for a sadder strain yearns.

I stand once again in a garret,
I look on the rafters above,
And a little hand circles my fingers,
A little heart calls me in love.

On the pallet of straw in the corner,
A little hot head on my arm,
I lie with my sister beside me,
And sing the sweet words of a psalm.

A light on the mouldering flooring,
A square that is chequered and lined,
With what looks like a cross on its surface,
The bars of the window behind.

Pale and gaunt are the walls in their whitewash,
The rafters look heavy and grim,
The only fair thing is my sister,
And *her* eyes with sorrow are dim.

Nay, I mark the white outline of feature,
The curves that misfortune has graved,
And I think of the blight on her childhood,
Of all she has suffered and braved:

Of the want that keeps watch on the doorstep
To turn away Hope coming in,
Of the shade that attends upon error,
The sorrow that waits upon sin!

And I wonder no more at the shadow,
I wonder no more at the blight;
When the miners will live in the main-shaft,
Their babes can know nothing of light!

There's the sound of a step on the staircase,
The creak of a board overhead,
A voice raised in accents of anger,
A voice that we shrink from in dread.

We scarce hear the tremulous murmur,
The low-toned, submissive reply,
But the cough that succeeds it is hollow,
And ends in a quivering sigh.

Now fold the clothes tight round my sister,
Pull the quilt up with thickening tears,
Those curses, those words of reviling,
Are not fit for innocent ears.

And that song with its horrible chorus,
That crash on the ceiling above!
Whisper loudly and quickly to drown them,
Tell her something of Heaven and love.

O father, O mother! far better,
Far better we lay in our shrouds,
In the graveyard within that great city,
With the dead lying round us in crowds;

Where the grime from the factory chimneys,
And the dust from the populous marts,
Fall thickly on grass-stunted hillocks,
Than live with that weight on our hearts.

Far better we slept where the earth-worm
Creeps in through the rottening plank,
Than drag an uncared-for existence,
Live on when our world is a blank.

When never a dream for the future,
And never a light from the past,
And never a hope for the present,
Around or about us is cast.

When bread is our highest incentive,
And plenty a vision of bliss,
And rest but a pause for oblivion,
Unsanctified save by a kiss.

O God, if I erred in despairing,
If I sinned in discerning thee not
In the blessing that struggles through sorrow,
And thy stamp on the lowliest lot;

If I wronged thee in doubting thy presence,
And sank down in abject despair,
Thou knowest the great provocation,
The grief and the sin that were there.

Thou wilt pardon, for thou wilt remember
How mine was the one talent given,
And when I discerned its importance,
I trafficked for thee and for heaven.

I had not the many as some have,
Oh, no, when I turn to the past,
And look at the course I have trodden,
With shadows and storms overcast,

How many have fallen around me,
The better, the truer, the brave,
I can only bow down in confession,
And say—thou art mighty to save!

* * * * * * *

A kiss on thy brow, little sister,
As thou layest thy head on my arm,
Good angels shall gather thee closer,
And keep thee from sorrow and harm.

'Twas for thee that I worked in my childhood,
For thee that I struggled at first,
For thee that high fancies were nourished,
Bright visions of happiness nurst:

For thee that I prayed for successes—
Ah well! and successes are here,
But she who incited to action,
Wins nothing from me but a tear.

There's comfort around me, my darling,
A home and a plentiful store—
O God! but what food could be grateful
To that rigid, paralyzed jaw!

There's a glow of red warmth in the chamber,
Spread your hands out before it and rest—
She comes not, but lies in her coffin,
With white fingers crossed on her breast!

Say you're glad of the fortune you promised
In long-ago childhood to share—
Ah well—there's no answer—what silence!
How the death-dews are damping her hair!

—*Welcome Guest.* D. R.

*LIFE AND RELIGION OF THE HINDOOS.**

It has often been justly complained that the real life of the Hindoos and their inner world are an unknown world to their rulers, who often quite unconsciously injure their most sacred prejudices, and often alarm them by measures, of the probable Hindoo interpretation of which they have not the smallest conception. This is so true that if we are to bridge over the chasm between the two races at all, it must be in the first instance by the help of Anglicizing Hindoos, and cannot be through Hindooizing English. Apart from the insuperable difficulties of intimate intercourse between the foreigner and the Hindoo, it is impossible for any man who has been brought up in the West so to mould his imagination as to enter into all the recesses of that indolent, receptive, and custom-ridden mind. It can only be through the half unconscious confessions of Anglicized Hindoos, with enough activity and originality to burst the fetters of their own decaying civilization, and yet enough relics of their birth and education to give us full insight into the type of their countrymen's nature, that we can hope to learn any thing of the mind of our millions of fellow subjects in India.

Such a book we have here, and since it is unquestionably a very interesting and instructive, it ought also to become a very popular, one in England. Mr. Gangooly is a young Brahmin (or, as he writes it himself, a Brahmun) of high caste, who lived not far from Calcutta. He was, according to his own account, a sincere idolator and worshipper of the images. He "verily thought with himself that he ought to do all things" to uproot the Christian heresy that was, if not *spreading* among his countrymen, at least threatening their own faith and turning many into sceptics. He obtained some Christian tracts for the sake of replying to and annihilating the false creed. He found amongst them the Sermon on the Mount, and became himself gradually shaken, and finally converted by the Unitarian Missionary in Calcutta.

The first striking feature we notice in this book, is, that if it truly represents the state of any large portion of the better educated Brahmins in Lower Bengal, they have by no means so universally lost faith in their own idolatry, as we sometimes hear it said. Mr. Gangooly was himself of a high caste and of a well educated family. His father and uncle were both not only priests, but remarkably pious priests, thoroughly accepting the idolatries they practised. Nor is there the slightest indication in these pages that the circle of Brahmins in which young Mr. Gangooly moved was sceptical. Most of them were apparently dissipated, many of them broke through the ceremonials, and neglected the prescribed fasts; but there is no hint given of a diffused disbelief in the Hindoo idolatry. The following passages seem to testify to a general atmosphere of *bona fide* superstition around him, with possibilities of outburst into actual fervor:

"I had to go to a town across the river Ganges to attend to the images. So strong was my affection for the idols, so earnest was I to see all the people worship unceasingly, that while playing cards with my friends one day, I proposed an extra worship of the Goddess. The little band approved it; the cost was counted and found too huge for our private pocket to afford. I encouraged them with a promise to construct the image with my own hand. They considered the possibility of the enterprise, and we at once set out to work. Accordingly, bamboo was brought, a piece of board, nails, straw, string, etc., were secured. Fearing our parents would interfere with this, we carried the materials to the top of a house, which in our country is flat. One day a respectable Brahmin, looking at the parapet, saw the hands of the image, and came up stairs to see what we had done. The neighbors flocked in to see, admire, and help at our work, and a universal enthusiasm prevailed. A great many doubted my ability to finish the idol, but I think I did it nicely. My oldest brother painted it, and we received the praise of the people. To commemorate this event, we worshipped the idol annually, defraying the expenses by subscription."

The following sentences, which describe young Gangooly's devotion to the worship of Joggernauth, and the anxious superstition with which he presided over the idols in the annual procession of Joggernauth's car, are evidence to the same effect:

"Being a Brahmin, and widely known as a sincere lover of the idols, I used to sit on the top of the car, fan the idols, receive the shower of flower garlands from the crowd, and throw them again at the men, women, and children below as a benediction. Such was my devotion and affection to the images, that while almost everybody deserted the car on account of a heavy shower, I alone sat by and took care of the idols, believing they would reward me abundantly hereafter."

The Hindoos have been called the "women of the human race"; and if to have receptive minds with very little impulse to original activity of any kind, but plenty of previously fixed notions which have been inhaled rather than acquired, and the strongest adhesiveness to immemorial custom, be feminine, the expression seems not incorrect. A ritual and ceremonial life, with fixed rites for every month and week in the year, and well defined customs for every day, has been one of the great attractions of the Catholic faith for western women feeling "the weight of too much liberty," while it has proved the oppressive burden of the men of the western nations which "neither our fathers nor we were able to bear." Just as the ceremonial and Oriental detail of the Jewish law seemed to chafe the stronger minds amongst the Jews and to enslave the weaker, the Roman Church has irritated half its members into open rebellion and subjugated the other half. But the Hindoo idolatry and system of caste has eaten far deeper into the heart of Hindoo life than ever did the Catholic Church into that of Christian life, and has apparently roused no impatience and no fretfulness. There is no eager fuming under so oppressive a yoke. The pressure is *enjoyed* like that of an artificial support to which the race has become accustomed. Society hugs its chains. Funerals and fastings and meaningless festivals make up the round of life. Arbitrary social distinctions which are either devoid of meaning, or have a mischievous meaning, seem to be preferred to none, and even the low castes would rather be despicable than lose the interest of class distinctions altogether, as we see sometimes that the lower class of western society is the greatest worshipper of aristocratic rights. Here are examples of Hindoo forms: what strikes us most is the immeasurable patience they imply. What should we, who so often chafe under the artificial solemnities of a funeral procession, say to such a form as the following?

"During those days of mourning the sons of the deceased call on every family in his native place, high or low caste, rich or poor. Entering into a native gentleman's house, they thus address him: 'Sir, to-day is the sixth day of my father's departure from this world. He has received the grace of Gunga. I am ignorant of a great many things, inexperienced, and know not what to do. I earnestly entreat you to be kind enough to go to my house; superintend everything necessary; advise me and others interested in my case; receive and entertain the guests in my behalf,' etc. It is customary to give some pecuniary aid to them, especially if they be poor, for it costs a large sum of money to perform the ceremony and entertain several hundred persons at least."

Or how should we chafe at the following religious excuse for dilatory habits:

"In order to take a long or short journey, especially if undertaken for some important business, a 'fortunate hour' is sought for, which the priests designate after consulting the day and its planet (each day, being named after the heavenly bodies, such as Sun, Moon, etc., has its attendant planet). Before starting on the journey, a man prostrates himself before his parents, bows to them reverently, bends his head also before the idols or pictures of the gods, asks their blessing, recites a prayer or two, which are always creedlike and authoritative, and finally bids 'Farewell, I come then.' This is answered by, 'Let success attend your steps,' 'Gods be with you,' etc. If accidentally he should strike or touch his head against a door or wall, or if any one present should shout or sneeze, or if any one should speak to him, he would immediately take his seat for a few minutes. Such interruption is regarded a bad omen, and, if repeated, the journey is to be postponed."

The number of distinctions in the mode of addressing people is also far more complex than ours. They have distinct names not only for brother's son and sister's son, but for the different cousins on both sides to a great distance, and so of all other relationships. Children and juniors are addressed in letters as "Objects of Blessing," while Brahmins and elder persons are addressed as "Most adorable," or "Obedience to thee is my joy." Social distinctions of all kinds are multiplied *ad infinitum*, and observed with delight.

One of the most characteristic features in the Bengalee, besides his immeasurable patience, and love of social distinctions, is his great caution and timidity. The scientifically tentative steps by which Mr. Gangooly confesses that he tested the power of the idols before abandoning their worship, is one of the most characteristic passages in this curious book:

"Although I felt quite sure that the gods of my country are mere imaginary deities, or some ancient heroes deified after death, still I could not readily free my mind from the fear and respect I bore them from my infancy. But something must be done, some measure must be taken to make an experiment of their power, so that I need bend before their images no longer. An old anecdote coming vividly to my mind seemed to discourage me for a while. It was this. Nearly a couple of years before, I had been to worship the idols belonging to a widow. It was a winter evening, and carelessly I had forgotten to cover them with their warm clothes. Next day I was told by that widow of the great crime I had done, and I felt much frightened to see the images suffering in cold. She said she retired late as usual, and notwithstanding a quantity of clothes on her back she felt chilly. Not knowing the reason of such an unusual experience, she came to the closet and found the idols lay unprotected in the cold! Now a great fear filled my heart at the thought that if, owing to my carelessness, the innocent woman suffered, how much more will I have to suffer if I neglect the gods forever. But, upon consideration that God is mightier than all, and that if we come unto him for protection, no god, no spirit can hurt us in the least, I grew strong. I would not have gone so far as to touch irreverently the idols, had it not been to see whether there is any consciousness in them, because I had been taught to believe that they are living beings. So one by one, I tried the strength of the idols that fell within my reach, in treating them with less care. Thus one day while I was bringing down the idols from a high place, like a mantel-piece, the heaviest of them fell down on the floor, making a loud noise thereby. Hastily I picked it up, examined whether any damage had been done or not, and washed it as usual. At first, I thought I could not worship it in the prescribed ways; but fearing it would be too much for the first time, I thought it prudent to worship it as usual. Thus privately taken steps too bold, too improper for a Hindoo to venture, I determined to see the end. . . . To a town on the other side of the Ganges I had to go occasionally to worship idols. During the holidays I was sent by my mother there to worship the Goddess of Learning. I did not repeat any prayer. I sat down before the idol and scattered flowers in the usual way. The matron said, 'I wonder how you could perform this worship in so short a time.' I felt embarrassed, and sitting before the idol in the next house, spent more time in reciting my English lessons learned long ago—such as 'The English grammar is the art of speaking and writing the English language correctly,' 'The Caspian Sea or Lake is surrounded by Russia, Tartary, and Persia,' 'A straight line that divides a circle in two equal parts is called its diameter,' etc., and no complaint was made then. I am fully aware I did a great many things at this stage of my experience which certainly wore a double aspect—not daring to let these changes in my faith be known to my friends, and at the same time not wishing to follow what I conceived to be superstition."

We have given enough extracts from this curious and interesting work to show its value as a study to any one who wishes to understand the *inside* of the Hindoo character. This is not the place in which to comment on Mr. Gangooly's religious conversion, but his own personal experience will be found to be a living comment on his account of the "manners and customs" of his fellow-countrymen, realizing to us their habits and modes of thought as no mere general account of them could illustrate them.—*London Economist.*

* Life and Religion of the Hindoos; with a Sketch of My Life and Experience. By Joguth Chunder Gangooly. London: Whitfield.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore,
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair,
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of years!
I am so weary of toils and of tears—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain—
Take them and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away,
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between,
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again;
Come from the silence so long and so deep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Over my heart in days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever was shown,
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours.
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain;
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again, as of old,
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light,
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore,
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother! the years have been long
Since I last hushed to your lullaby song;
Since then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been but a dream.
Clasped to your arms in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

—*Philadelphia Saturday Post.* Florence Percy.

THE GLOVE.

One important article of dress has held its own through all the mutations of fashion; the glove—symbol of power, gauge of defiance, token of love—covers the hand of the riflemen and crochet-workers of to-day, as it protected the fingers of the steel-clad warriors, silken courtiers, and fair tapestry-makers of auld lang syne.

The glove is a thing of very ancient date: "This was the manner in former time in Israel concerning redeeming and concerning changing, for to confirm all things: a man plucked off his *glove*, and gave it to his neighbor: and this was a testimony in Israel" (Ruth iv. 7). In our authorized version of the Bible, it is true, we find "shoe," not "glove," in the text, but there is little doubt of it being a mistranslation. In the Chaldaic paraphrase, the word is rendered "the case or covering of the right hand"; and it is still customary among eastern nations, at any sale of goods or exchange of lands, for the vendor to give the purchaser a glove, by way of binding the bargain, in place of a small coin, which answers the same purpose at some of our own cattle fairs. Whether the glove was, or was not, thus early worn by the Jews, of its adoption by the Gentiles there can be no question. Homer represents Laertes as wearing gardening gloves as a protection against thorns; Xenophon sneers at the effeminate Persians screening their hands in like manner from the cold; Varro declares against the practice of gathering olives with gloved hands, as deteriorating their table excellence; and Athenæus records how a noted glutton of his day obtained an advantage over his fellow-diners-out by wearing gloves at the banquet, so as to be able to handle the meats when hot. Musonius, at the close of the first Christian century, inveighed against people in perfect health luxuriously clothing their hands and feet in soft and hairy coverings. The contempt of philosophers and the exhortations of preachers alike, however, failed to prevent the fashion spreading. By the ninth century, it had become so general, that the Council of Aix ordered monks to confine themselves to gloves made of sheep-skin. The monks, by the way, were among the earliest European glove-makers; the holy fathers of Sithin received from Charlemagne unlimited right of hunting, in consideration of their manufacturing girdles, gloves, and book covers from the skins of the deer they killed.

The earliest form of glove had no fingers; it was literally "a hand covering," and no more. The Anglo-Saxon ladies, in the time of the Heptarchy, thrust their hands into the ends of their mantles, which were shaped for that purpose; when the Heptarchy went out, gloves came in, and the German merchants sought to propitiate Ethelred II. by a present of five pairs. The Normans introduced the gauntlet, a stout deer or sheep-skin glove with jointed plates of brass, steel, silver, or gold, affixed to the back and fingers, allowing the free use of the hand. Sometimes a circular plate was attached to the top, protecting the wrist, and meeting the armor covering the arm. In the fourteenth century, gloves, jewelled on the back, formed part of the regal habit, similar ones being worn also by the higher clergy as a badge of rank; they commonly had long tips, and were either carried in the hand or thrust beneath the girdle, after the manner affected by saucy Tyburnian tigers. In Elizabeth's reign, silk gloves were imported for the first time from the Low Countries, being classed among "superfluouse" articles; embroidered gloves also made their first appearance in this country at the same time, and it became the fashion to swear by one's glove. In the time of the Scottish Solomon, a pair of calf-skin gloves were to be bought for fourpence; while the presentation gloves of the University of Cambridge were often worth as much as forty-four shillings a pair. In the reign of George II., the queen's gloves cost half a crown a pair, the Prince of Wales's eighteen pence, the same price being paid for those of the royal princesses, who were allowed sixteen dozen pair per annum.

The glove has borne its part in regal and martial ceremonials. At the coronation of the kings of France, the newly crowned monarch used to receive from the hands of the officiating ecclesiastics a pair of gloves that had been previously blessed by the Church. At the same ceremony in our own country, the Duke of Norfolk, as lord of the manor of Worksop, presents the king with a right hand glove, and supports the sovereign's arm while he puts it on, and receives the sceptre from the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Upon the establishment of a free mart or market, it was formerly customary for the sovereign to signify his consent and approval by sending a pair of gloves to the town in which it was to be held; if this was omitted, any laws or regulations made for the market were null and void. Out of this arose a custom which existed at Chester, Exeter, Portsmouth, Newport, and some other towns, of hanging out a glove during the holding of the great fairs; and as long as the glove remained, non-freemen and strangers were admitted to the trading privileges of the free citizens, debtors were safe from arrest, and criminals could not be taken for any offence unless committed during their stay in the place.

Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, upon his return from some foreign mission, presented Queen Elizabeth with a pair of embroidered gloves, ornamented with four tufts of rose-colored silk, so deliciously perfumed, that her majesty named the scent "Lord Oxford's perfume," and further showed her appreciation of his gift by having her portrait painted with the gloves on her hands. The heroine of Tilbury expected to receive a new year's gift from every one around her, from the keeper of her royal conscience to the sergeant of the pastry; among the list, we find three pair of gloves, "as sweet as damask roses." Henry VIII. presented a pair of gloves to Sir Antony Denny—one of the executors of his will—which, at the Earl of Arran's sale, in 1759, were bought by a descendant of the recipient for £38 17s.; on the same occasion, a pair of mittens, presented by Queen Bess to Lady Denny, fetched £25 4s.; and a pair of gloves given by James to Edward Denny, £22 4s.

Bishops, of old, were expected to present gloves to every one attending their consecration—no light tax upon the wearers of lawn sleeves. In 1678, an order of council was issued, directing that, for the future, in lieu of the complimentary presentment of gloves, new bishops should, previous to the ceremony, pay fifty pounds towards the fund for rebuilding St. Paul's Cathedral, "which," says the official document, "as it is a pious work, so will it be some ease to the respective bishops, in regard that the expense of gloves did usually far exceed that sum." Gloves were among the most common gifts at Easter and the new year, a small sum of money being sometimes given with them; they were also given at other times in courtesy; when Prynne visited Archbishop Laud in the Tower, the extraordinary pressing importunity of the great churchman compelled him to accept a fair pair of gloves.

The Anglo-Saxon judges were forbidden to wear gloves upon the bench, but the practice of presenting a pair of white gloves to them at a maiden-assize, where no criminal has been called upon to hold up his hand, is one of the few relics left of the symbolism observable in the early laws of most countries. In cases of outlawry, it was once necessary, before the outlawry could be reversed, that the defendant should personally appear before the Court of the King's Bench, and by a present of gloves, implore the consideration of the judges, and obtain their consent. In 1464, Sir John Bell, who had been outlawed on an indictment for murder, obtained a reversal of the decree. After paying the fees of gloves into court—two dozen for the officers, and three pair of furred gloves for the judges—"the prisoner went to God," or, in other words, was acquitted. Mrs. Croaker, in whose favor a suit against Lord Arundel had been decided by Sir Thomas More, presented the chancellor with a new year's gift in the shape of a pair of gloves containing forty angels. "It would be against good manners," said gallant Sir Thomas, "to forsake a gentlewoman's new year's gift, and I accept the gloves; the lining you will bestow elsewhere." If it was not altogether consistent with judicial ideas of propriety to accept presents from successful suitors, till a much later period it seems to have been compulsory upon reprieved malefactors to acknowledge the clemency of the court with a present of gloves.

Gloves are no longer given to wedding-guests or sent with the cake, but at funerals they are still provided for the followers, clergyman, and doctor. The higher orders of ecclesiastics, the greater nobles, and our English kings, were formerly buried with their gloves on, Edward I. being a notable exception to the rule. Sometimes the gloves were suspended over the tomb, as those of the Black Prince are in Canterbury Cathedral; they are still placed upon the coffin of a cavalry soldier with his helmet and sword.

The gauntlet was an emblem of defiance. A challenger, taking off his right-hand glove, cast it upon the ground; any one taking it up, thereby accepted the duel. The laws of England permitted the appellants in any cause to demand trial by battle. In 1571, in a case arising out of the disputed ownership of some Kentish lands, the parties concerned appeared in court. One of them threw down his glove, which the other immediately took up, and carried away on the point of his sword; a day was appointed for the combat, but the queen herself interfered, and the difference was peaceably adjusted. The last time the wager of battle was claimed was in 1818, in the cause of Ashford *v.* Thornton. The defendant was accused of murdering the sister of the plaintiff; he pleaded "Not guilty, and I am ready to defend the same by my body"; and thereupon he took off his glove, and threw it upon the floor of the court. The combat was forbidden by the authorities, and the law allowing an appeal to arms forthwith repealed.

The glove was sometimes worn in the cap as a memorial of friendship. The wise Paduan doctor, whose special pleading was so successful in the great trial of Shylock *v.* Antonio, refuses to accept anything from the grateful Bassanio except his gloves, which he promises to wear for his sake. The old chronicler, Hall, speaks of a knight at some joust wearing the glove of his "dearling" in his head-piece. Drayton says of the heroes of Agincourt that "one wore his mistress's garter, one her glove." And Lily's Pandora, in her desire to get rid of one she hates, promises

He that first presents me with his head,
Shall wear my glove in favor of the deed.

When Elizabeth gave the Earl of Cumberland her glove, which he had picked up for her, he adorned it with jewels, and placed it in his cap, where he displayed it at all jousts and tournaments. Her majesty seems to have been fond of testing her subjects' gallantry. It will be remembered she dropped her glove on the Globe stage, at the feet of the mimic king, William Shakspeare, to see if he would drop the actor in the courtier, and that he forgot neither his duty to his liege-lady, nor his assumed regal dignity, presenting the glove to the queen, saying:

Although now bent on this high embassy,
Yet stoop we to pick up our cousin's glove.

The beauty of King Francis's court was not quite so successful in a similar essay. To gratify her vanity, she threw her glove between the raging beasts in the arena, with a meaning glance at her lover. The brave De Lorme obeyed without hesitation:

The leap was quick, return was quick; he soon regained his place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face;

and so the inconsiderate dame lost her lover; and all true-hearted damsels will agree with Francis, that it served her right.

Enterprising youths might more easily win a pair of gloves than a pair of spurs; it was only necessary to see the new moon, proclaim the interesting fact to the first maiden one met, and with a kiss claim a pair of gloves; or to catch a beauty napping, and steal a kiss from her, served the same end. The second practice is not quite extinct, but the ladies always demur to paying the fine, thinking, and very reasonably, that the gentleman is sufficiently rewarded with the kiss itself.

History presents but one instance of malpractice through the agency of the glove: the queen-dowager of Navarre was killed by a poisoned pair of gloves, sent to her as a pledge of safe-conduct to Paris—a treacherous act, fitly serving as prologue to the infamous tragedy of St. Bartholomew's day.

Charles IV. of Spain had such a liking for white gloves, that it extended to any fair wearer of them, and compelled his queen, in self-defence, to prohibit any lady appearing at court so gloved. The etiquette of the present day forbids the wearing of gloves in the presence of royalty; it was once customary on certain occasions; a letter-writer in 1625 says: "This week the Lord Coke, with his gloves on, touched and kissed the king's hand, but whether to be confirmed a councillor or cashiered, I cannot yet learn." Modern etiquette prescribes that in shaking hands, the glove should be removed, at least by gentlemen, who, according to an authority on this momentous question, "should always take off the glove of the right hand to shake hands." The same Mentor does not insist upon our pulling off our glove to shake hands even with a lady on a hot day: "If it be off, all very well; but it is better to run the risk of being thought ungallant, than to present a clammy, ungloved hand"; an axiom not recognized by the Portsmouth naval hero, who, on his fair partner suggesting the propriety of his putting on his gloves before they led off the dance, good-naturedly replied; "Oh, never mind me, ma'am, I shall wash my hands when I've done dancing."

Gloves have been made of well-nigh every possible material—of sheep, lamb, calf, doe, buck, elk, deer, kid, and rat skin; of leather, silk, cotton, thread, worsted, velvet, satin, taffety, and even spider's web. Izaak Walton recommends otter-skin gloves as the best fortification of the hands against wet weather. They have been lined, unlined, washed, glazed, waxed, perfumed, tasselled, fringed, cuffed, gauntleted, embroidered, and jewelled.

A glove, according to the old saying, should be dressed in Spain, cut in France, and sewed in England; but the proverb no longer serves, France having fairly beaten all other countries out of the field. The English glove trade was formerly of great importance; in the fifteenth century, it had become one of the staples of the country, and foreign importations were strictly prohibited. The Glovers of Perth were incorporated as early as the reign of Robert III. of Scotland; those of London, not till 1638. Worcester, Woodstock, and Dundee became famed for the excellence of their kid gloves; Leicester and Nottingham for cotton; and at London, Yeovil, Ludlow, Leominster, York, Hereford, Hexham, Kingston, Dublin, and Cork, the manufacture was carried on vigorously. Limerick was celebrated for a very beautiful glove, made from the skin of very young calves, lambs, or kids, and so fine that a pair might be enclosed in a walnut shell; they had the further merit of rendering the wearer's hand smooth and delicate. The alterations in our tariff, which admitted foreign-made gloves to competition with the home trade, has well-nigh destroyed the latter; but in 1851, there were still some thirty-three thousand people employed in it. In 1850, not a single pair of English-made gloves was exported, while we drew from France 3,211,774 pairs; from Belgium, 30,271. The two Sicilies sent us 7,720 pairs; Germany, 1,544; Gibraltar, 311; the Channel Islands, 121; India, 33; Turkey, 18; and South Africa, 9 pairs. The total number imported amounted to 3,260,101 pairs, of which 2,844,199 were retained for home consumption.
—*Chambers's Journal.*

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CONFECTIONERY—REMOVAL.—Leatitia Bullock respectfully informs her friends and the public that she has removed to No. 152 North Sixth street, below Race, opposite the old stand, where she is prepared to furnish ice creams, water ices, jellies, cakes, candies, &c., of every description and of the best materials, all the produce of free labor, and warranted to give entire satisfaction. Parties and families furnished at shortest notice. Orders sent to any part of the city.

Equality to all! Uniformity of Prices! A new feature in Business. Every one his own Salesman.

JONES & Co., of the Crescent One Price Clothing Store, No. 200 Market street, above 6th, in addition to having the largest, most varied and fashionable stock of clothing in Philadelphia, made expressly for retail sales, have constituted every one his own salesman, by having marked in figures, on each article, the very lowest price it can be sold for, so they cannot possibly vary—all must buy alike. The goods are all well sponged and prepared and great pains taken with the making, so that all can buy with the full assurance of getting a good article at the very lowest price.
Remember the Crescent, in Market, above 6th, No. 200, Phila.
JONES & CO.

SIGN of the MAMMOTH PEN, No. 72 N. Fourth street (2d door below Arch), Phila., wholesale and retail stationery, blank books, &c., which we will sell lower than the usual prices. English, French and American cap, letter and note papers, envelopes, sealing wax, plain and fancy wafers of every description, very superior gold and steel pens, ink and inkstands, sand boxes, wafer cups, paper weights, plain and fancy penholders, drawing pencils and books, Bristol board, tracing paper, impression paper, tissue paper, visiting and wedding cards, pocket books, portfolios, bankers' cases, diaries, &c.; envelopes at 10 cents per 100 and 90 cents per 1,000; mercantile firms, insurance companies, banks, &c., furnished with blank books to order, of the best materials and workmanship.
Friends' Marriage Certificates (a new Plate).
CLOTHIER & PEDRICK, 72 N. Fourth street, below Arch street.

TO THOSE WHO ARE UNWILLING TO SUPPORT SLAVERY.—During the last twelve years a store of free labor goods has been kept at the N. W. corner of Fifth and Cherry streets, in this city, for the convenience of those who wish to avoid the use of the fruits of slavery. It will scarcely be denied that the rejection of slave labor cotton, sugar and rice is a good testimony against slavery—fully as influential against that system as a refusal to pay militia fines or to purchase prize goods is against war. Will not those who are willing to make a sacrifice, if need be, to sustain their convictions on the latter subject, lend their influence in like manner against slavery? This is the only Grocery kept by a Friend in the city. Much care is taken to keep good Sugars, Syrups, Molasses, Coffees, Teas, Cocoa, Chocolate, Rice, Spices, Fruit, &c., and a variety of Dry Goods. The proprietor aims to sell as low as he can to sustain the business. With double the patronage, prices could be somewhat reduced; probably every article could be sold as low as similar goods in the market. Many are so sold now. Those who favor the Store with their custom, and procure their Teas, Coffees, Spices, Chocolate and Cocoa, &c., will find the articles good, and free from adulteration. On hand, Dried Peaches of superior quality.
GEORGE W. TAYLOR.